A U M

Why should you inquire if my hunger has been appeased?

unger and thirst are functions of the body: ask the condition of the mind, then, or man is not affected by the functions nor the faculties. For your three other questions: Where I dwell? Whither I go? Whence I come?, hear this reply. Man, who is the oul, goes everywhere, and penetrates everywhere, like the ether; and is it rational to nquire where it is, or whence or whither thou goest? I am neither coming nor going, or is my dwelling in any one place; nor art thou, thou; nor are others, others; nor am I, I.

—*Vishnu Purana.*

THEOSOPHY

Vol. IV JANUARY, 1916 No. 3

No Theosophical Society, as such, is responsible for any opinion or declaration in this nagazine, by whomsoever expressed, unless contained in an official document.

Where any article, or statement, has the author's name attached, he alone is respon-ible, and for those which are unsigned, the Editors will be accountable.

THOUGHTS ON THE NEW YEAR

THE custom of greetings and resolutions at the birth of the New Year is not peculiar to Christian nations; it has prevailed in all ages, and with many peoples has had a deeper meaning than that now given it.

Whatever may have been the division of the year into solar or lunar months as adopted by various peoples, the beginning of the year always had relation to the return of the Sun from his farthermost course; a return which brings with it revivifying influences to all the kingdoms of Nature. These influences touch the inner life of all forms and give a renewed impetus to expansion and growth.

To mankind there comes a new and fresh vigor to all his channels of life from within outwards, gradually strengthening as the Sun moves nearer. The ancients, being aware of this fact, and realizing that Life is One through all its manifestations, took advantage of the birth of the year to re-affirm their highest aspirations, thus consciously seizing the opportune time. In regard to this H. P. Blavatsky wrote:

> "Let no one imagine that it is a mere fancy the attaching of importance to the birth of the year. The earth passes through its phases and man with it; and as a day can be colored, so can a year. The astral life of the earth is young and

strong between Christmas and Easter. Those who form their wishes now, will have added strength to fulfil them consistently."

Theosophists who make resolutions and who send forth New Year's Greetings should have all this in mind; each for himself looking back upon the successes and failures of the past year, and resolving to make more strenuous efforts towards the goal of self-knowledge and unselfish effort. In like manner, the editors of this magazine look back to the beginning of their efforts, traverse the path by which the present point has been reached, and with the starting point and goal in view, resolve to make the line between these straight and true.

OUR RETROSPECT

Our retrospect begins with the purpose of The United Lodge of Theosophists and the magazine "Theosophy." That purpose is the study, application, and promulgation of Theosophy as it was given by Those who brought it.

By every means in our power we have drawn attention to the indisputable fact that there is a body of knowledge given to the world by H. P. Blavatsky and named by her "Theosophy." We have put forward as a matter of justice to the Message and gratitude to the Messenger that *only that which She gave and so named should be entitled to the name "Theosophy"*; for any other course beclouds the meaning of the title, and permits any theosophical student to call his own peculiar conceptions by that distinctive name, and thus perpetrates an injustice upon all students and enquirers present and to come. To conserve that Message in its purity has been and will continue to be our earnest endeavor.

We have repeatedly called attention to the fact that without a recognition of the existence of Masters of Wisdom there is no assignable reason for the existence of such a body of knowledge. The existence of Masters was shown and proven by H. P. Blavatsky. She was Their Messenger; hence They chose her to deliver Their Message. Their wisdom in so doing may not be questioned, any more than the wisdom and completeness of the Message itself. From this it follows that the sign manual of Theosophy is H. P. Blavatsky; her attest, the only visible means by which the genuine may be distinguished from the counterfeit.

It is for these reasons that we speak with reverence, love and gratitude of the name that stands for Theosophy pure and simple, and defend that name from any and all aspersions cast upon it; and we utterly repudiate the charge that in so doing we deify or follow a person; we simply recognize a fact and govern ourselves accordingly.

The recognition of H. P. B. as the accredited Agent and Messenger of Masters, carries with it her estimation of Wm. Q. Judge,

her colleague from first to last. A study of the writings of both will show their full accord and complementary nature. H. P. B. presented the philosophy as a whole; Wm. Q. Judge exemplified its practical use in daily life; his writings for the most part are devoted to that purpose, hence their incalculable value. Therefore we have taken upon ourselves the task of rescuing from the obscurity with which theosophical schisms have covered them, his name, nature, mission, work and intimate relation with the founding and progress of the Theosophical Movement.

But to what end? That personalities may be exalted and worshipped? Perish the idea. The sole end in view is, that a right appreciation, understanding and use of the philosophy as given by the Teachers may become more general. There is sore need of this. There has been a failure on the part of theosophical exponents and their adherents to make broad or universal applications of the Teaching. For instance, the universal application of the law of Karma has not been followed; it applies to all beings, to all circumstances and conditions. The Masters became such under Karma; H. P. Blavatsky became the transmitter of Their Message under Karma; the Message delivered to the world was all that the world's Karma permitted; better conditions would have permitted more. In regard to this, note the following. In the closing paragraph of Vol. II, *Secret Doctrine,* H. P. B. wrote:

> "These two volumes should form for the student a fitting prelude for Volumes III and IV . . . it entirely depends upon the reception with which Volumes I and II will meet at the hands of Theosophists and Mystics, whether these last two volumes will ever be published, though they are *almost* completed."

H. P. B. did not publish them, and strange to relate, later editions published in London show the above original statement so changed as to entirely obscure the author's meaning. Students who are entitled to the unmutilated text may well ask why this fact was concealed? Nevertheless, the manuscripts must be in someone's hands, and no doubt will be published when the tendency to put the Messenger in the background is destroyed, and when the practice of making universal applications of the doctrines is prevalent among theosophists and mystics in general. All of which is Karma.

So again with the doctrine of Cycles—the Law of Periodicity given in the Second Fundamental Proposition of the Secret Doctrine. The advent of the Messenger of Theosophy was in accordance with the law of cycles. That Messenger stated explicitly that the Masters would not come Themselves nor send anyone until 1975; thus giving an exemplification of the hundred year cycle many times stated. If this had been understood and applied by

theosophical students in general, no such folly as the early coming of "a Christ" would have obtained a moment's credence.

Applying the doctrines to the form of Man, we find that it is a collection of molecules, or *lives*, each striving with the other, and all affected for good or evil by the spiritual aspirations, or want of them, in the man who is the guide, or god, so to say, of his little universe. When he is born, the molecules or lives that are to compose his physical and astral forms are from that moment under his reign, and during the period of his smaller life, they pass through a smaller manvantara just as the lives in the universe do; and when he dies he leaves them all impressed with the force and color of his thoughts and aspirations, ready to be used in composing the houses of other egos.

During a period of manifestation, or manvantara, the egos incarnating must use over and over again in any world upon which they are incarnating, the matter that belongs to it. So, therefore, we are now using in our incarnations matter that has been used by ourselves and other egos over and over again, and are affected by the various tendencies impressed upon it. And similarly, we are leaving behind us for future races that which will help or embarrass them in their future lives.

How enormous then is this responsibility, that we not only are to be judged for what we do with ourselves as a whole, but also for what we do for those unseen beings who are dependent upon us for light.

THE COMING YEAR.

What then of the coming year? The cycle for the settlement of karma between nations is upon us, a karma in which we of America are involved. Were our principles not those of self-interest, we might hope to escape much of the pain of re-adjustment, but unfortunately our policies exhibit nothing else, and we will not be able to avoid the consequences. Much of these might have been mitigated had theosophists in Europe and America taken Theosophy as the message of Masters and given it all the consideration that such acceptance demanded, for the object of Theosophy is to so change the mind of the race that strife will give place to friendly emulation, unbrotherliness to mutual helpfulness. So, let all who realize this, resolve to study and promulgate the teachings of Theosophy in every possible direction; making a universal application of all the doctrines to ourselves, our surroundings, our peoples, the world in general and to all beings, while taking advantage of the rising cycle of the New Year to give strength and persistency to our aspirations and efforts.

APOLLONIUS AND THE MAHATMAS*

THE journey to India made by the great adept, Apollonius of Tyana, has a special interest for us modern students of occultism. The story of this journey, related in the life of Apollonius by Philostratus, has been held by many to be a fable, and Mr. Tredwell, in his laudable work, omits any account of it. To an earnest Theosophist, however, the internal evidence of the narration is too strong to be resisted, although it is told at third hand probably with the adornments which an accomplished Greek author thought needful for the requisite grace of style.

Apollonius may perhaps be said to have been the Master whose mission was to set the temples in order for the departure of the glorious classic era. Born in the same century as Jesus of Nazareth, nowhere did the teachings of the two, so far as it appears, come into open contact, although the fame of the former spread far and wide in Europe, Asia and Africa during his lifetime. It is said, however, that although no creed bears his name, his work in the world was nevertheless immense and his teachings have, in many unperceived ways, influenced millions of human beings down to the present day.

Apollonius was still a young man when he went to India, but even then he was famous for his wisdom. He had been sent, as a boy of fourteen years, to school in Tarsus by his wealthy father, but he did not like the ways of that city and he was allowed to remove to Aegæ, also in Sicily, where he studied the great philosophers and was specially drawn to the teachings of Pythagoras. At the age of sixteen he fully adopted the Pythagorean life and held firmly to it ever after, letting his hair grow long, eating no flesh, and drinking no wine, wearing no clothing made of animal products. He took up his abode in the temple of Asclepius, and thousands were attracted thither by the wisdom of the wonderfully beautiful youth. Grown to manhood, he made a vow of silence and spoke not a word for five years. Then for a time he taught in Antioch. When asked how the wise man should treat questions of learning, he replied: "Like the law-giver. For the law-giver must make that, of whose truth he has convinced himself, into commandments for the multitude."

He now conceived the idea of a journey to India to meet the wise men known as Brahmins and Hyrkanians. He afterwards told the Egyptian Gymnosophists that his thoughts were directed to them in his youth, but his teacher pointed out to him that in India lived the men who stood nearest the source of wisdom, and from whom the Egyptians themselves derived their light.

His seven disciples in Antioch had not the courage to undertake the journey with him, and he departed with two of his family servants, "one for writing rapidly and the other finely," according

*This article was first printed in two parts by Wm. Q. Judge in *The Path* for October and December, 1886.

to Philostratus. At Ninus he was joined by Damis the Ninivite. This young Assyrian was thenceforth his devoted disciple, accompanying him on all his many journeys throughout his long career. It is to Damis that we chiefly owe the detailed accounts of the doings of the Master thenceforward. We are thereby enabled to see Apollonius in his daily life; in his various deeds and actions, his familiar sayings recorded as he talks with his faithful companion about the common sights and occurrences around them. The picture is therefore exceptionally intimate, and the man himself is brought near to us as well as his divine teachings. When Damis was reproached for writing down such trifles about his master, and compared with a dog devouring the crumbs from a table, he replied: "When the gods are feasting they doubtless have servants who take care that no crumbs of ambrosia are lost."

A year and eight months were spent in Babylon, where King Bardanus, who was a friend of wisdom, received Apollonius with great honors. Considerable intercourse was had with the Magi; he learnt something of them and also taught them something. Damis was forbidden to accompany him in his visits to them, but he said that Apollonius visited them at noon and at midnight. Once Damis asked "What are the Magi?" and was answered, "They are indeed wise, but not in everything." The King became ill, and Apollonius spoke so much and so divinely about the soul that the monarch said to those around: "Apollonius not only relieves me of concern for the Kingdom, but also for Death."

Apollonius, in departing, refused all gifts, but the King provided him with camels and all things needful for the journey. When the King asked what he would bring him from India he replied, "A joyful gift, O King! For if intercourse with the men there makes me wiser, I shall come back to thee better than I now am."

Upon this the King embraced him and said: "May'st thou but come; for this gift is great."

They crossed what they called the Caucasus mountains, separating India and Medea. May it not be that from this ancient designation we get the name of the Caucasian race, rather than from what is now known as the Caucasus? This would make the place of origin identical with that commonly ascribed to the Aryans.

Crossing the Indus they soon came to Taxila, which they called the capital of India. It is difficult to trace out their exact course, the present names of most geographical features being quite different from the designations given by Damis. It would probably require a thorough Occultist to tell just what places they did visit. King Phraotes was the ruler at Taxila, and in him Apollonius found an initiate. The latter was struck with the modest simplicity of the monarch's surroundings on entering the palace, and inferred that he must be a philosopher. The King told Apollonius the course which a youth took who proposed to dedicate himself to

the pursuit of Wisdom. When he had reached his 18th year he had to cross the Hyphasis river to those men who had attracted Apollonius to India. Beforehand, however, he had to make his intention publicly known, in order that he might be restrained in case he was not pure. To be pure one had to be without blemish in respect to father and mother, and moreover with an upright ancestry for three generations. If without fault in this respect the youth himself was then examined as to whether he had a good memory, whether he was naturally inclined to uprightness or would only have it appear so, whether given to drink or gluttony, of boastful habits, evil or foolish ways, whether obedient to father, mother and instructors, and finally if he had made no evil use of the bloom of his youth. "Since wisdom stands in great esteem here," said the King, "and is honored by the Indians, it is of great moment that those who seek to devote themselves unto it should be carefully examined and made to undergo thousand-fold tests."

When Apollonius asked about the wise men whom Alexander the Great was said to have conquered and then held converse with, Phraotes said that they were the Oxydraks, a war-like people who claimed Wisdom though they knew nothing of consequence; the truly wise men dwelt between the Hyphasis and Ganges. Had Alexander gone thither he could not have conquered them, even with ten thousand Achilles and thirty thousand Ajaxes. "For they fight not in battle against advancing enemies, but being holy men, beloved by God, they repulse them through aerial apparitions and lightning flashes."

When Apollonius took his departure Phraotes gave him the following significant letter to the Brahmins:

"The King Phraotes greets his teacher Iarchas and the Wise men with him. Apollonius, the wisest of men, regards you as wiser than himself, and comes to learn from you. Let him not depart without knowledge of all which you yourselves know. For thus nothing of your wisdom will be lost; since no one speaks better than he, or has a truer memory. Let him also behold the throne whereon I sat when thou, Father Iarchas, gavest me my kingdom. His attendants also deserve praise for their attachment to such a man. Be thou happy. Be happy all of you."

When they came near the hill where the wise men dwelt their guide was filled with fear, for the Indians stood more in awe of these men than of their own King, and the King who ruled the land where they lived was accustomed to consult them about everything he said or did.

When near a village not a stadium from the hill, a youth approached them, blacker than any Indian, with a gleaming, moon-shaped mark between his eyebrows. He bore a golden anchor, which in India took the place of the Herald's staff. He addressed Apollonius in Greek, which did not astonish him, since all the dwellers in the village [a lamasary?] spoke that tongue, but it did astonish the others to hear their master called by name;

Apollonius, however, it filled with confidence as he remembered the purpose of his journey. "We have come to men truly wise," he said to Damis, "for they have a fore-knowledge of things." Asking the youth what was to be done, he was told: "Those with you remain *here;* thou, however, shalt come just as thou art, for so *They* command. In this *They* Apollonius recognized Pythagorean language and he followed with joy.

In one of his conversations with the Egyptian Gymnosophists, years afterwards, Apollonius thus characterized the wise men of India: "I saw the Indian Brahmins who dwell upon the earth and not upon the earth; in a strong fortress though unfortified; and, without possessions, possessing everything." The deep, interior significance of this is evident to a Theosophist. Damis, in the matter-of-fact way often customary with him, also gives these words a literal interpretation, saying that they had their bed upon the earth and strewed the ground with herbs selected by themselves; he himself had seen them floating in the air two ells above the earth; not for hocus pocus—for they despised vain striving—but in order, by thus floating with the sun, to be near and pleasing unto the god. This was what was meant by "upon the earth and not upon the earth." The strong fortress, unfortified, meant the air in which they dwelt, for although they appeared to live under the open heaven, they spread a shadow over themselves, were not wet by the rain, and were in the sunshine whenever they wished. And since they obtained everything the moment they wished it, Apollonius rightly said that they possessed what they did not possess. "They wear their hair long, they bind a white mitra around their heads, their feet are bare. The form of their clothing resembles that of a sleeveless under-garment; the material is a wool produced by the earth of itself, white like the Pamphylian, but softer, and so fat that oil flows from it. Of this they make their sacred garments, and when another than these men seeks to gather this wool the earth will not release it. By the power of the ring and the staff which they bear every thing can be done, but both are kept as a secret." This personal description by Damis corresponds in certain particulars with what we are told of the Masters to-day. The account of the wool leads some commentators to believe that asbestos is meant.

Iarchas welcomed Apollonius in Greek and asked him for the letter from Phraotes; when Apollonius wondered at his gift of prescience he remarked that a *delta* was lacking in the letter, left out by mistake, and so it proved. After reading the letter Iarchus asked: "What dost thou think of us?"

And Apollonius replied: "As no other person in the land whence I came, as my journey hither shows."

"What makest thou think that we know more than thou dost?"

"I believe," answered Apollonius, "that your knowledge is deeper and much more divine."

Iarchas hereupon said: "Others are accustomed to ask the new comer whence he comes and for what purpose; the first sign

of our wisdom shall be this: that the stranger is not unknown to us. So then, test this:"

Hereupon he told Apollonius his history from father and mother down, what he had done in Aegæ, how Damis had come to him, what things of importance had happened on the way, etc. As Apollonius asked in surprise whence came that knowledge, Iarchas answered: "Thou also camest gifted with this wisdom, but not yet with all of it."

"And wilt thou teach me all thy wisdom?" asked Apollonius.

"By all means, and in ungrudging abundance, for this is wiser than miserly to conceal that which is worthy of knowing. Besides, Apollonius, I see thou hast been richly gifted by Mnemosyne. and she is the one among the gods whom we most love."

"Dost thou also behold," asked Apollonius, "of what manner my nature is?"

"We see all peculiarities of the soul, for we know them by thousandfold indications," replied Iarchas.

When mid-day came they rose in the air and did homage to the sun. The youth who bore the anchor was then told to go and provide for the companions of Apollonius. Swifter than the swiftest of birds he went and returned, saying: "I have provided for them." He was then commanded to bring the throne of Phraotes, and when Apollonius had seated himself thereon they continued their conversation. Iarchas told him to ask what he wished, for he had come to men who knew all things. Apollonius asked if they knew themselves, for he believed that they, like the Greeks, held knowledge of self to be difficult. But Iarchus answered with an unexpected turning: "We know all things, because first of all we know ourselves; for no one of us can approach this wisdom without first attaining knowledge of self."

Apollonius asked further, what they held themselves to be?

"Gods," answered Iarchas.

"And wherefore?"

"Because we are good men."

Apollonius found so much wisdom in this saying that he made use of it in his speech of defence before the Emperor Domitian.

They talked about the soul and reincarnation, and Iarchas told him that the truth was "as Pythagoras taught you, and as we taught the Egyptians." They spoke about the previous incarnation of Apollonius as steersman of an Egyptian ship, in which capacity he had refrained from following the inducements held out by pirates to let his vessel come into their hands.

Concerning this Iarchas said that refraining from unrighteousness did not constitute righteousness.

The King came to visit the Brahmins and a wonderful feast was prepared for him; everything came of itself: Pythian tripods, and automatic attendants of black bronze, the earth spread out herbs softer than beds to recline on, delicate viands appeared in orderly succession, etc. The accounts of these phenomena occa-

sioned great remark during the subsequent career of Apollonius, and people would persist in mixing them up with the teachings of the master just as to-day they inextricably confound Madame Blavatsky's famous cup and saucer with Theosophy. But we are told that Apollonius did not concern himself with phenomena; when he saw these wonderful things he did not ask how they were done, nor to be taught to do them, but he contented himself with admiring them. And we are also told that the marvelous things he did were not accomplished through ceremonial magic, but through the perfection of his wisdom.

Damis was subsequently allowed to come to the Brahmins and when he asked about the composition of the world and the four elements they replied that there were five—the fifth being ether, which was to be regarded as the primal source of the gods.

"For everything that breathes the air is mortal; that which drinks the ether is immortal and divine," said Iarchas. He also said that the world was to be regarded as a living being of both sexes, having a more ardent love for itself than that of one person to another, being united and bound to itself. Damis learnt much from his intercourse with the Brahmins, but he wrote that at the secret discourses Apollonius was alone with Iarchas, and from there originated the four books written by the former. Iarchas, said Damis, gave Apollonius seven rings bearing the names of the seven planets, and Apollonius wore them one after the other according to the name of the day of the week.

The foregoing is an incomplete account of the remarkable journey and experience of Apollonius, as is necessitated by the limits of a brief article. Many passages of deep wisdom have had to be passed over, and many remarkable things are told, hard to understand, but which, there is reason to believe, have an occult significance. S. B.

THE HERMETIC PHILOSOPHY*

Fragments of the Ancient Wisdom Religion have come down to us from the remotest past, through many channels, and in various forms.

The study of philology alone will be inadequate to discover the true meaning of ancient sacred writings, though it may very greatly assist the labors of those who have already gained a clue to the Secret Doctrine. The Theosophist and the Antiquarian differ very widely, and though the former has sometimes been accused of searching out obsolete doctrines and magnifying the achievements of the past, but little observation will be required to reveal the fact,

*This article was first printed by Wm. Q. Judge in *The Path* for June, 1886.

that that for which they search may be very old because it is valuable, but never valuable merely because it is old.

In short that of which they are in search may truly be said to never fade, and ne'er grow old, though it is often lost sight of. Occultism is not a new craze as some suppose, it is not simply a line of the marvelous, it is rather the profoundest of all sciences, conforming in its methods of research and the character of its results to those of all sciences. The naturalist does not hesitate to construct from a single tooth or a few fragments of bone, the entire animal and assign to it its proper place, declare its habits, modes of life, size, &c., &c., even though he fixed its era centuries ago, and no one nowadays questions the general correctness of the result; the study of comparative anatomy and the science of biology testify all this. In like manner and by similar methods may one familiar with the science of occultism, which deals with the operation of uniform laws in the higher realms of nature, arrive at exact data from very small beginnings, and with this advantage, viz., that he has the means at hand to verify his conclusions, which the naturalist has not, for in this realm there are no extinct species, the elements of human nature, and the laws which underlie their unfoldment and manifestation are the same now, as thousands of years ago.

It is the custom of many who are entirely ignorant of this higher science, to deny its existence and ridicule its cultivators. Just as an uneducated and conceited boor would ridicule an Agassiz for attempting to reconstruct an animal from its thigh bone. When, therefore, one entirely ignorant not only of the principles but of the existence of such a thing as occult science, examines ancient records in which it is concealed, he will arise from his task possibly better satisfied with his own possessions as contrasted with the "ignorance" of past ages, but seldom wiser for his endeavor. Few persons nowadays are ignorant of the form of most ancient hierarchic writings, as consisting of, or containing a double meaning under the garb of allegory or parable. It is moreover becoming quite generally known that many of these ancient records are of vital importance to us of the present day, as containing the very knowledge of which we stand most in need, and the amount of attention they are receiving may be determined by observing the interest in, and almost unprecedented sales of, such works as Arnold's Light of Asia, while the labors of men like Max Müller in rendering the ancient scriptures into English have made it possible for everyone to gain some familiarity with the religious casts of antiquity. Bearing in mind these general observations, let us briefly examine one of the most ancient, most famous, and yet least comprehended sources of ancient wisdom. As to the questions who was Hermes? which Hermes? when did he write? we have these points for the philologists and historians, quoting here the remark of Iamblichus in his treatise on the Mysteries:

"Hermes, the God who presides over language, was formerly very properly considered as common to all priests; and the power who presides over the true science concerning the Gods is one and the same in the whole of things. Hence our ancestors dedicated the inventions of their wisdom to this deity, inscribing all their own writings with the name of Hermes," and "the late learned Divine Doctor Everard" in the preface to his translation of the Divine Pymander 1650, contends that Hermes Trismegistus lived a long time before Moses, that he had "perfect and exact knowledge of all things contained in the world," * * * "that he was the first that invented the art of communicating knowledge to the world by writing, that he was King of Egypt, that he styled himself the son of Saturn, and that he was believed to have come from heaven, and not to have been born on earth."[1]

The above writer goes on to say that Hermes did excel in the right understanding of, because he attained to, the knowledge of the quintessence of the whole universe, otherwise called the *Elixir* of the philosophers, which secret many ignorantly deny, many have sought after, and some have found. A description of this great Treasure is said to have been found engraved upon a Smaragdine Tablet in the valley of Hebron after the flood.[2]

To the modern reader, all this sounds very queer, a bundle of contradictions and vagaries, taxing reason and even credulity. But suppose we are told, that it was designed for exactly that purpose, that only they who were *determined* to find the truth, and who therefore had faith that it existed somewhere, were expected to walk around or dig under this stumbling-block. If we turn now to *Isis Unveiled,* p. 507, Vol. I, we shall find the inscription said to have been found on the tablet. B.

(*To be continued.*)

WHY DO ANIMALS SUFFER?*

Q. Is it possible for me who love the animals to learn how to get more power than I have to help them in their sufferings?

A. Genuine unselfish LOVE combined with WILL, is a "power" in itself. They who love animals ought to show that affection in a more efficient way than by covering their pets with ribbons and sending them to howl and scratch at the prize exhibitions.

Q. Why do the noblest animals suffer so much at the hands of men? I need not enlarge or try to explain this question. Cities

1. See Introduction to The Divine Pymander, p. VI et seq. edition 1650.
2. Ibid.
*This article was first printed by H. P. Blavatsky in *Lucifer* for May, 1888.

are torture places for the animals who can be turned to any account for use or amusement by man! and these are always the most noble.

A. In the *Sutras,* or the Aphorisms of the *Karma-pa,* a sect which is an offshoot of the great Gelukpa (yellow caps) sect in Tibet, and whose name bespeaks its tenets—"the believers in the efficacy of Karma," (action, or good works)—an Upasaka inquires of his Master, why the fate of the poor animals had so changed of late? Never was an animal killed or treated unkindly in the vicinity of Buddhist or other temples in China, in days of old, while now, they are slaughtered and freely sold at the markets of various cities, etc. The answer is suggestive:—

. . . "Lay not nature under the accusation of this unparalleled injustice. Do not seek in vain for Karmic effects to explain the cruelty, for the *Tenbrel Chugnyi* (causal connection, *Nidâna*) shall teach thee none. It is the unwelcome advent of the Peling (Christian foreigner), whose three fierce gods refused to provide for the protection of the weak and *little ones* (animals), that is answerable for the ceaseless and heartrending sufferings of our dumb companions." . . .

The answer to the above query is here in a nutshell. It may be useful, if once more disagreeable, to some religionists to be told that the blame for this universal suffering falls entirely upon our Western religion and early education. Every philosophical Eastern system, every religion and sect in antiquity—the Brahmanical, Egyptian, Chinese and finally, the purest as the noblest of all the existing systems of ethics, Buddhism—inculcates kindness and protection to every living creature, from animal and bird down to the creeping thing and even the reptile. Alone, our Western religion stands in its isolation, as a monument of the most gigantic *human* selfishness ever evolved by human brain, without one word in favour of, or for the protection of the poor animal. Quite the reverse. For theology, underlining a sentence in the Jehovistic chapter of "Creation," interprets it as a proof that animals, as all the rest, were created for man! *Ergo*—sport has become one of the *noblest* amusements of the upper ten. Hence—poor innocent birds wounded, tortured and killed every autumn by the million, all over the Christian countries, for man's recreation. Hence also, unkindness, often cold-blooded cruelty, during the youth of horse and bullock, brutal indifference to its fate when age has rendered it unfit for work, and ingratitude after years of hard labour for, and in the service of man. In whatever country the European steps in, there begins the slaughter of the animals and their useless decimation.

"Has the prisoner ever killed *for his pleasure* animals?" inquired a Buddhist Judge at a border town in China, *infected* with pious European Churchmen and missionaries, of a man accused of having murdered his sister. And having been answered in the

affirmative, as the prisoner had been a servant in the employ of a Russian colonel, "a mighty hunter before the Lord," the Judge had no need of any other evidence and the murderer was found "guilty"—justly, as his subsequent confession proved.

Is Christianity or even the Christian layman to be blamed for it? Neither. It is the pernicious system of theology, long centuries of theocracy, and the ferocious, ever-increasing selfishness in the Western civilized countries. What *can* we do?

THOUGHTS IN SOLITUDE*

III.

CONTENT AND SATISFACTION.

THE ideas these words represent lie at opposite poles of the circle. The former should stand for the philosophic calm, the minor peace, the comparative equability of Soul which the disciple has attained, while the latter implies the stagnation of Will, the death of aspiration and of all true progress.

When the first impetuous burst of feeling is over, and time with her slowly disenchanting hand has begun to blur the outlines of the first vivid creation of thought, the knowledge gained seems to be the only possession left,—the knowledge that there is a Path to tread and that no thought is worth thinking, and no word worth uttering that has not for its aim the one supreme object—the finding and the treading of this path that leads to deliverance from conditioned existence. But it is one thing to be possessed of this merely intellectual knowledge, and another to have the Will, the Courage, and the Strength to find and to tread the path.

After much uncertain questioning and many anxious thoughts about the path, remembering always that "it is not found by devotion alone, by religious contemplation alone, by ardent progress, by self sacrificing labour, by studious observations of life, that none alone can take the disciple more than one step onwards, and that all steps are necessary to make up the ladder," a clue may yet be obtained from the lines in the *Bhagavat-Gita,* so beautifully rendered by Mr. Edwin Arnold

> Some few there be
> By meditation find the Soul in self
> Self-schooled, and some by long philosophy
> And holy life reach thither; Some by works:
> Some never so attaining hear of light
> From other lips and seize and cleave to it
> Worshipping; yea! and those—to teaching true
> Overpass Death!

---

*This article was first printed by Wm. Q. Judge in *The Path* for April, 1887.

Aye! "The aids to noble life are all within,"—the path indeed lies there, in other words there are as many pathways to perfection as there are individual Souls.

There is no doubt a saturation point for Energy as there is for Truth in the individual;—it may come in the form of lethargic weariness, or it may come in the form of satisfaction. To the old man, weary of life, the rest of death is sweet, but even though he may seem to have earned repose, such feeling still appertains to the quality of "Tamas," and should be resisted at any cost. The feeling of satisfaction is far more insidious,—indeed it is the limit to any further possible advance placed by the man's own deepest sub-conscious self. Around us are to be seen men in all stages of moral growth who have attained to this satisfaction. Though the mere gratification of the senses and the social amenities of civilized countries may become to the majority of the votaries of pleasure a dull meaningless treadmill, we yet see some to whom such life affords true satisfaction. They have reached their goal. And if we turn to the Religious world, who does not know one or two of the many happy Souls who have attained the complete rest of satisfaction? Burning questions do not exist for them—they deem that they have solved the insolvable—They too have reached their goal. Nor does this sphere of objective life in which we dwell alone exemplify the working of this law of nature. The realm of the Deva-lokas, could we penetrate to those serene heights of being, would show us Souls who had attained to their Saintly rest, who had reached their supreme satisfaction—rest and satisfaction however that must along with all conditioned existence come to an end some time. But to the god in the Deva-loka, as to the worldly epicure, the satisfaction he has reached is the evidence of the limit of advance,—the advance made in the different cases being merely one of degree. Each has shown an incapacity for further endurance, whether of suffering or of joy, though in most cases it must be suffering, and their progress has therefore come to an end. But man has within him the potentiality of Godhead, not the Deva (god) in his realms of bliss, but the absolute unity with the divine Spirit of Life of which nature is a manifestation,—the Being where all individuality is merged in one,—the one ever-permanent state of Nirvana—the Peace of God that passeth all understanding.

When after long years of incessant goading the goad within ceases to act, a minor peace is attained. It is a matter of wonder to the disciple, who cannot understand why it should be so,—he has had no hand in the slackening of the torture cords,—he only knows that the strain is withdrawn and that in the quietude his thought can range undisturbed. But with the removal of the pain, he seems to feel as if his search were less intense, and then follows the inexplicable paradox of the actual invocation of pain by one part of his nature, while the other part of him regards with fear and dismay any recurrence of it. Nevertheless this tranquility of content continues. It goes without saying that this state includes the

perfect content in all outward conditions. It may not have reached the transcendent light, where fear of any earthly catastrophe as well as desire for any earthly gain are alike non-existent. The disciple still remains a creature of habit, and imagination can easily conjure up situations where the equanimity would be entirely overthrown. But at least fresh desire for earthly objects has, as a rule, ceased to operate. All earthly life, indeed, stands before his mind in its true colour, as possessing value only so far as giving opportunity of recognizing its utter valuelessness, and of stretching forward to those things which have permanence and value, and the one all-absorbing desire that remains is that, when the burden of earthly existence has again to be taken up, the progress gained in the last life may not be lost; that, in the words of Plato, we may so pass through the water of Lethe as not to defile our souls with absolute oblivion.

In one of the early numbers of the *Theosophist* the aspirants for chelaship are warned against too soon undertaking a life for which they are not yet fitted, and all are advised to master first their most apparent weaknesses—their most besetting sins. The mastering of such, and the continuing to be the master until relapse is constitutionally impossible, (though this may imply a period which one life may not cover), would indeed seem to be for most the necessary entrance to the Path. While by this exercise of self restraint the aspirant is acquiring the necessary Will, Strength, and Courage for the treading of the Path when found, "new hands and new feet are being born within him" with which to scale the heights that lie beyond. The search for perfection may well find its simile in the scaling of some seemingly inaccessible peak. After journeying for long years through the dim forest on the plain, and falling into many a slough of despond, with torn garments and with bleeding feet the climber has at last emerged. The forest lies below him and he sees the dim plain stretching to the horizon, but it is only the first plateau of the mountain he has scaled, and straight in front of him rises a seemingly perpendicular face of rock. Yet up this face of rock he has to go, for there can be no turning back when it is realized that what he has undertaken is the one thing worth doing.

But while insisting on the necessity of the gradual strengthening of the character by victory over all the faults of which the disciple is conscious, the common mistake of the religious must not here be made, and the conquering of any one sin or of all sins be mistaken for the goal, instead of a mere preparation for the treading of the path. Indeed—given a sufficiently ardent desire for the ultimate goal—all sins and weaknesses that stand between the disciple and the object of his desire will by that very fire of desire be annihilated in a flash of thought. One of the most important means of keeping alive and intensifying this desire is by keeping the goal constantly in view. And as it must have been the failure of all earthly things to satisfy the heaven-born longings of the

aspirant that first set his face towards the path, so the bringing back before the mind's eye the past experience of futile longings and disillusions will best serve as impetus for the next transport of Heavenward flight.

What a man sets his whole heart on, that he will undoubtedly attain sooner or later. The man whose desires do not rise above the gratification of his physical senses gets what he desires, and that, as a rule, quickly. He whose life is concentrated in the emotional nature will in time achieve his *"summum bonum"* in the union of love he has dreamt of with another soul. He to whom the acquirement of knowledge is the one thing needful must attain what he desires, and that in exact ratio with his energetic search for it, while the philanthropist whose aim is to do good to others—whether on the material or the moral plane, and who feels impelled to the so-called sacrifice of self in some definite course of action,—though this lies far apart from the "killing out of all sense of separateness" which constitutes the true "self-sacrifice"—will doubtless also achieve his reward, though in some less obvious way. But

"Narrow
"The heart that loves, the brain that contemplates,
"The life that wears, the spirit that creates
"*One* object and *one* form and builds thereby
"A sepulchre for its eternity."

We who recognize the finger of Maya in all these things, and whose search is for that intuitive Wisdom in which they are all embraced, but which transcends them all, does it not behoove us to lift our minds more and more continuously to the Supreme? and to free our thoughts more and more from all limitations? for as it was the inability to fix the soul in worship on the attributeless Deity (though he had freed himself from *all* personal desires) that prevented the devotee from straightway attaining Nirvana, and instead landed him in the heavens of the Devaloka, where the conditions of bliss he had pictured to his mind as the Supreme were his inevitable reward, so should we even now begin to free our minds from all limited conceptions, and strain more and more towards the infinite.

I cannot better conclude than by quoting the last few lines in Farîdu-d-din Attâr's description of the seven stages in the road leading to union with the Divine Essence.

"Last stage of all is the Valley of Annihilation of Self; of complete Poverty,[1]—the seventh and supreme degree which no human words can describe. There is the great ocean of Divine Love. The world present and the world to come are but as figures reflected in it—And as it rises and falls how can they remain? He who plunges in that sea and is lost in it finds perfect peace."

PILGRIM.

---

[1] This is the common term among the Muslim Mystics for the highest degree of the contemplative life.

THE SILENT BROTHER*

BY COUNT E—— A——, F. T. S.

THE strange story I am about to say was given me by one of its principal heroes. Its authenticity cannot be doubted, however sceptical one may feel as to the details of the narrative—and this for three good reasons: (*a*) the circumstances are well known at Palermo, and the incidents still remembered by a few of the oldest inhabitants; (*b*) the shock produced by the dreadful occurrence on the narrator was so violent as to turn his hair—the hair of a young man of 26—as white as snow in one night, and make him a raving lunatic for the next six months; (*c*) there is an official record of the death-bed confession of the criminal, and it can be found in the family chronicles of the Prince di R—— V——. For myself at least, no doubt remains as to the veracity of the story.

Glaüerbach was a passionate lover of the occult sciences. For a time, his only object was to become a pupil of the famous Cagliostro, then living in Paris, where he attracted universal attention; but the mysterious Count from the first refused to have anything to do with him. Why he declined to accept as pupil a young man of a good family and very intelligent, was a secret which Glaüerbach—the narrator of the tale—could never penetrate. Suffice it to say that all he could prevail upon the "Grand Copht" to do for him, was to teach him in a certain degree how to learn the secret thoughts of the persons he associated with, by making them speak such thoughts audibly without knowing that their lips were uttering any sound. And even this comparatively easy magnetic phase of occult science he could not master practically.

In those days, Cagliostro and his mysterious powers were on all tongues. Paris was in a state of high fever about him. At Court, in society, in the Parliament, in the Academy, they spoke but of Cagliostro. The most extraordinary stories were told of him, and the more they were extraordinary the more willingly people believed them. They said that Cagliostro had shown pictures of future events in his magic mirrors to some of the most illustrious statesmen of France, and that these events had all come to pass. The king and the royal family had been of the number of those who were allowed to peer into the unknown. The "magician" had evoked the shades of Cleopatra and Julius Cæsar, of Mahomet and Nero. Ghengis Khan and Charles the Fifth had held a conversazione with the minister of the police; and an outwardly pious, but secretly sceptical Christian archbishop having shown a desire to have his doubts cleared, one of the gods was summoned—

*This article was first printed in two parts by H. P. Blavatsky in *The Theosophist* for April and May, 1880.

but did not come, for he had never existed in flesh. Marmontel having expressed the desire to meet Belisarius, he, upon seeing the great warrior emerging from the ground, fell senseless. Young, daring and passionate Glaüerbach, feeling that Cagliostro would never share with him more than a few crumbs of his great learning, turned in another direction, and at last found an unfrocked abbot, who for a consideration took upon himself to teach him all he knew. In a few months (?) he had learned the weird secrets of black and white magic, i. e., the art of cleverly bamboozling fools. He also visited Mesmer and his clairvoyants, whose number had become very large at that period. The ill-fated French society of 1785 felt its doom approaching; it suffered from spleen and greedily seized upon anything that brought it a change in its killing satiety and lethargic monotony. It had become so sceptical that, at last, from believing in nothing, it ended by believing anything. Glaüerbach, under the experienced directions of his abbot, began practising upon human credulity. But he had not been more than eight months at Paris, when the police paternally advised him to go abroad—for his health. There was no appeal from such advice. However convenient the capital of France for old hands at charlatanry, it is less so for beginners. He left Paris and went, via Marseilles, to Palermo.

In that city the intelligent pupil of the abbot got acquainted with, and contracted a friendship with Marquis Hector, youngest son of the Prince R—— V——, one of the most wealthy and noble families of Sicily. Three years earlier, a great calamity had befallen that house. Hector's eldest brother, Duke Alfonso, had disappeared without leaving any clue; and the old prince, half killed with despair, had left the world for the retirement of his magnificent villa in the suburbs of Palermo, where he led the life of a recluse.

The young Marquis was dying with *ennui*. Not knowing what better to do with himself, under the directions of Glaüerbach he began studying magic, or at least, that which passed under that name with the clever German. The professor and pupil became inseparable.

As Hector was the Prince's second son, he had, during the life of his elder brother, no choice left him, but to join either the army or the church. All the wealth of the family passed into the hands of the Duke Alfonso R—— V——, who was betrothed, moreover, to Bianca Alfieri, a rich orphan, left, at the age of ten, heiress to an immense fortune. This marriage united the wealth of both the houses of R—— V—— and Alfieri, and it had all been settled when both Alfonso and Bianca were mere children, without even a thought as to whether they would ever come to like each other. Fate, however, decided it should be so, and the young people formed a mutual and passionate attachment.

As Alfonso was too young to be married, he was sent travelling, and remained absent for over four years. Upon his return, preparations were being made for the celebration of the nuptials, which the old Prince had decided should form one of the future epopees of Sicily. They were planned upon the most magnificent scale. The wealthiest and noblest of the land had assembled two months beforehand and were being royally entertained in the family mansion, which occupied a whole square of the old city, as all were more or less related to either the R—— V—— or the Alfieri families in the second, fourth, twentieth or sixtieth degree. A host of hungry poets and *improvisatori* had arrived, uninvited, to sing, according to the local custom of those days, the beauty and virtues of the newly-married couple. Livorno sent a ship-load of sonnets, and Rome the Pope's blessing. Crowds of people curious to witness the procession had come to Palermo from afar; and whole regiments of the light-fingered gentry prepared to practise their profession at the first opportunity.

The marriage ceremony had been fixed for a Wednesday. On Tuesday, the bridegroom disappeared without leaving the slightest trace. The police of the whole land was set afoot. Uselessly, alas! Alfonso had for several days been going from town to Monte Cavalli—a lovely villa of his—to superintend in person the preparations for the reception of his lovely bride, with whom he was to pass his honey-moon in that charming village. On Tuesday evening he had repaired there alone and on horseback, as usual, to return home early on the following morning. About ten in the evening two *contadini* had met and saluted him. That was the last any one saw of the young Duke.

Later, it was ascertained that on that night a pirate vessel had been cruising in the waters of Palermo; that the corsairs had been ashore, and carried away several Sicilian women. In the latter part of the last century, Sicilian ladies were considered as very valuable goods: there was a large demand for the commodity in the markets of Smyrna, Constantinople, and the Barbary Coast; the rich pachas paying for them enormous sums. Besides pretty Sicilian women, the pirates used to smuggle away rich people for the sake of the ransom. The poor men, when caught, shared the fate of the working-cattle, and fed on flogging. Every one at Palermo firmly believed that young Alfonso had been carried away by the pirates; and it was far from being improbable. The High Admiral of the Sicilian navy immediately despatched after the pirates four swift vessels, renowned above all others for their speed. The old Prince promised mountains of gold to him who would give him back his son and heir. The little squadron being ready, it spread its sails and disappeared on the horizon. On one of the vessels was Hector R—— V——.

At nightfall, the watchers on the deck had as yet seen nothing. Then the breeze freshened, and about midnight it was blowing a hurricane. One of the vessels returned to port immediately, the two others were driven away before the gale and were never heard of more, and the one, on which was young Hector, returned two days after, dismantled and a wreck, to Trapani.

The night before, the watchers, in one of the beacon towers along the shore, saw a brig far off, which, without mast, sails or flag, was being furiously carried along on the crest of the angry sea. They concluded it must be the pirates' brig. It went down in full sight, and the report spread that every soul on board, to the very last man, had perished.

Notwithstanding all this, emissaries were sent by the old Prince in every direction—to Algiers, Tunis, Morocco, Tripoli, and Constantinople. But they found nothing; and when Glaüerbach arrived at Palermo, three years had passed since the event.

The Prince, though having lost a son, did not relish the idea of losing the wealth of the Alfieris in the bargain. He concluded to marry Bianca to his second son, Hector. But the fair Bianca wept, and would not be consoled. She refused point-blank, and declared she would remain faithful to her Alfonso.

Hector behaved like a true knight. "Why make poor Bianca still more miserable, by worrying her with prayers? Perhaps my brother is yet alive"—he said. "How could I, then, in view of such an uncertainty, deprive Alfonso, in case he should return, of his best treasure, and the one dearer to him than life itself!"

Touched with the exhibition of such noble feelings, Bianca began to relax her indifference for her Alfonso's brother. The old man did not lose all hopes. Besides, Bianca was a woman; and with women in Sicily, as elsewhere, the absent are always in the wrong. She finally promised, if she should ever have a positive assurance of Alfonso's death, to marry his brother, or—no one. Such was the state of affairs when Glaüerbach—he who boasted of the power of raising the shadows of the dead—appeared at the princely and now mournful and deserted country villa of the R—— V—— He had not been there a fortnight before he captivated the affections and admirations of every one. The mysterious and the occult, and especially dealings with a world unknown, the "silent land," have a charm for every one in general and for the afflicted especially. The old Prince took courage one day and asked the crafty German to solve their cruel doubts. Was Alfonso dead or alive? that *was* the question. Taking a few minutes to reflect, Glaüerbach answered in this wise: "Prince, what you ask me to do for you is very important. . . . Yes, it is quite true. If your unfortunate son is no more, I may be enabled to call forth his shadow; but will not the shock be too violent for you? Will

your son and your pupil—the charming Countess Bianca—consent to it?"

"Anything rather than cruel uncertainty," the old Prince answered. And so the evocation was decided upon, to take place a week from that day. When Bianca heard of it, she fainted. Recalled to her senses by an abundance of restoratives, curiosity got the better of her scruples. She was a daughter of Eve, as women all are. Hector began by setting himself with all his might against what he regarded as a sacrilege. He did not wish to trouble the rest of the dear departed; he at first said, if his beloved brother was really dead, he preferred not to know it. But at last his growing love for Bianca and the desire to satisfy his father prevailed, and he too consented.

The week, demanded by Glaüerbach for preparation and purification, seemed a century to the impatience of all three. Had it been a day longer, they must have all gone mad. Meanwhile, the necromancer had not been losing his time. Suspecting that the demand in this direction would come one day, he had from the first quietly gathered the minutest particulars about the deceased Alfonso, and most carefully studied his life-size portrait which hung in the old Prince's bed-room. This was enough for his purposes. To add to the solemnity, he had enjoined upon the family a strict fast and prayers, day and night, during the whole week. At last the longed-for hour arrived, and the Prince, accompanied by his son and Bianca, entered the necromancer's apartment.

Glaüerbach was pale and solemn, but composed. Bianca trembled from head to foot and kept her bottle of aromatic salts in constant use. The Prince and Hector looked like two criminals led to execution. The large room was lighted by only a single lamp, and even this dim light was suddenly extinguished. Amid the thick darkness, the lugubrious voice of the conjuror was heard to pronounce a short cabalistic formula in Latin, and, finally, to command the shadow of Alfonso to appear,—if it *was*, indeed, in the land of the shadows.

Suddenly the darkness of the furthest recess in the room became illuminated with a feeble bluish light, which, by slow degrees, brought before the sight of the audience a large magic mirror, which seemed to be covered with a thick mist. In its turn, this mist was gradually dissipated, and finally, the prostrate form of a man appeared to the eyes of those present. It was Alfonso! His body had on the identical dress he wore on the evening of his disappearance; heavy chains clasped his hands, and he lay dead on the sea-shore. Water dripped from his long hair and blood-stained and torn clothes; then a huge wave crept on and, engulfing him, all suddenly disappeared.

A dead silence had reigned during the whole progress of this fearful vision. The persons present trembling violently tried to

keep their breath; then all relapsed into darkness, and Bianca, uttering a feeble moan, fell senseless into the arms of her guardian.

The shock had proved too much. The young girl had a brain fever which held her between life and death for weeks. The Prince felt little better; and Hector never left his room for a fortnight. No more doubts—Alfonso was dead, he was drowned. The walls of the palace were hung with black cloth, strewn all over with silver tears. For three days, the bells of many churches at Palermo tolled for the unfortunate victim of the pirates and the sea. The inside of the great cathedral was also draped from floor to dome in black velvet. Two thousand-and-five hundred gigantic tapers flickered around the catafalque; and Cardinal Ottoboni, assisted by five bishops, daily performed the service for the dead for six long weeks. Four thousand ducats were distributed in charity to the poor at the portal of the cathedral, and Glaüerbach, clad in a sable mantle like one of the family, represented its absent members during the funeral obsequies. His eyes were red, and, when he covered them with his scented pocket-handkerchief, those near him heard his convulsive sobs. Never had a sacrilegious comedy been better performed.

Soon after, a magnificent monument of pure Carrara marble, sculptured with two allegorical figures, was raised in Alfonso's memory in St. Rosalia's church. On the sarcophagus grandiloquent inscriptions in Greek and Latin were cut by order of the old Prince.

Three months later, the news spread that Bianca was wedded to Hector. Glaüerbach, who had meanwhile gone to travel all over Italy, returned to Monte-Cavalli on the eve of the marriage. He had exhibited his wonderful necromantic powers elsewhere, and had the "holy" Inquisition upon his heels. He felt full security only in the bosom of the family which adored and looked upon him as a demi-god.

On the following morn, the numerous guests proceeded to the chapel, which was resplendent with gold and silver and decorated as for a royal wedding. How happy looked the bridegroom! How lovely the bride! The old Prince wept for joy, and Glaüerbach had the honour of being Hector's best man.

In the garden were spread enormous banquet tables at which were entertained the vassals of both the families. The feasts of Gargantua were less rich than such a festival. Fifty fountains spouted wine instead of water; but towards sunset, no one could drink any more, for unfortunately—for some people—human thirst is not infinite. Roasted pheasants and partridges were thrown by the dozens to the neighbouring dogs, which they too left untouched, for even they were gorged to the throat.

Suddenly, among the gay and showy crowd, there appeared a new guest, who attracted general attention. It was a man, thin as a skeleton, very tall, and clad in the dress of the penitent monks or

"Silent Brothers," as they are popularly called. This dress consists of a long, flowing, gray, woollen garment, girded with a rope at the two ends of which hang human bones, and a pointed hood which entirely covers the face, except two holes for the eyes. Among many orders of penitent monks in Italy—the black, gray, red, and white penitents—none inspire such an instinctive terror as these. Besides, no one has the right to address a penitent brother, while his hood is pulled down over his face; the penitent has not only the full right but the obligation to remain unknown to all.

Thus, this mysterious brother, who so unexpectedly appeared at the wedding feast, was addressed by none, though he seemed to follow the newly-married couple, as if he were their shadow. Both Hector and Bianca shuddered every time they turned to look at him.

The sun was setting, and the old Prince, accompanied by his children, was for the last time going the round of the banquet tables in the gardens. Stopping at one of these, he took a goblet of wine and exclaimed: "My friends, let us drink to the health of Hector and his wife Bianca!" But, at this very moment, some one seized his arm and stopped it. It was the gray-frocked "Silent Brother." Quietly emerging from the crowd, he had approached the table and also taken up a goblet.

"And is there no one, old man, besides Hector and Bianca, whose health thou couldst propose?"—he asked in deep, guttural tones—"Where is thy son Alfonso?"

"Knowest thou not he is dead?"—sadly answered the Prince.

"Yes! . . . dead—dead!"—echoed the penitent. "But were he only to hear again the voice he heard at the moment of his cruel death, methinks he might respond . . . aye . . . from his very grave. . . . Old man, summon here thy son Hector! . . . "

"Good God! what do you, . . . what *can* you mean!"—exclaimed the Prince, pallid with unnameable terror.

Bianca was ready to faint. Hector, more livid than his father, was hardly standing on his legs, and would have fallen, had not Glaüerbach supported him.

"To the memory of Alfonso!"—slowly pronounced the same lugubrious voice.—"Let every one repeat the words after me! Hector, Duke of R—— V——. . . . I invite you to pronounce them! . . . "

Hector made a violent effort and, wiping his trembling lips, tried to open them. But his tongue cleaved to the roof of his mouth and he failed to utter a sound. Every eye was rivetted upon the young man. He was pallid as death and his mouth foamed. At last, after a superhuman struggle with his weakness, he stammered out, "To the memory of Alfonso! . . . "

"*The voice of my mur-de-rer!* . . . " ejaculated the penitent in a deep but distinct tone.

With these words, throwing back his hood, he tore open his robe, and before the sight of the horrified guests there appeared the *dead* form of Alfonso, with four deep gaping wounds on his breast, from which trickled four streams of blood!

The cries of terror and the fright of the spectators can be more easily imagined than described. In one moment the garden became empty; the whole crowd upsetting the tables and flying as if for life. . . . But, more strange than all, was the fact that it was Glaüerbach who, notwithstanding his intimate acquaintance with the dead, was most panic-stricken. Upon seeing a real ghost, the necromancer, who had raised the dead at will, hearing him talk as would a living being, fell senseless upon a bed of flowers, and was picked up, late that night, a stark lunatic, which he remained for months.

It was only half a year later that he learned what had taken place after the terrific arraignment. After uttering it, the penitent disappeared from the eyes of all, and Hector was carried into his room in violent convulsions, where, an hour later, after summoning his confessor to his bedside, he made him write down his deposition, and, after signing it, drank, before he could be stopped, the poisonous contents of a hollow seal-ring, and expired almost immediately. The old Prince followed him to the grave a fortnight later, leaving all his fortune to Bianca. But the unfortunate girl, whose early life had been doomed to two such tragedies, sought refuge in a convent, and her immense wealth passed into the hands of the Jesuits. Guided by a dream, she had selected a distant and unfrequented corner in the large garden of Monte Cavalli, as the site for a magnificent chapel, which she had erected as an expiatory monument of the fearful crime which put an end to the ancient family of the Princes of R—— V——. While digging the foundations, the workmen discovered an old dry well, and, in it, the skeleton of Alfonso, with four stabs in his half-decayed breast, and the wedding ring of Bianca upon his finger.

Such a scene as the one on the wedding-day, is sufficient to shake the most hardened scepticist. Upon recovering, Glaüerbach left Italy for ever, and returned to Vienna, where none of his friends was at first able to recognize the young man of hardly twenty-six in this old decrepit form with his hair as white as snow. He renounced the evocation of spirits and charlatanry for ever, but became from that time a firm believer in the survival of the human soul and in its occult powers. He died in 1841, an honest and reformed man, scarcely opening his mouth upon this weird history. It was but during the last years of his life that a certain person, who won his full confidence through a service he was enabled to render him, learned from him the details of the mock vision and the real travedy of the family of the R—— V——.

CHELAS AND LAY CHELAS*

As the word *Chela* has, among others, been introduced by Theosophy into the nomenclature of Western metaphysics, and the circulation of our magazine is constantly widening, it will be as well if some more definite explanation than heretofore is given with respect to the meaning of this term and the rules of Chelaship, for the benefit of our European if not Eastern members. A "Chela" then, is one who has offered himself or herself as a pupil to learn practically the "hidden mysteries of Nature and the psychical powers latent in man." The spiritual teacher to whom he proposes his candidature is called in India a *Guru;* and the real Guru is always an Adept in the Occult Science. A man of profound knowledge, exoteric and esoteric, especially the latter; and one who has brought his carnal nature under subjection of the WILL; who has developed in himself both the power (*Siddhi*) to control the forces of nature, and the capacity to probe her secrets by the help of the formerly latent but now active powers of his being:—this is the real Guru. To offer oneself as a candidate for Chelaship is easy enough, to develop into an Adept the most difficult task any man could possibly undertake. There are scores of "natural-born" poets, mathematicians, mechanics, statesmen, etc., but a natural-born Adept is something practically impossible. For, though we do hear at very rare intervals of one who has an extraordinary innate capacity for the acquisition of occult knowledge and power, yet even he has to pass the self-same tests and probations, and go through the same self-training as any less endowed fellow aspirant. In this matter it is most true that there is no royal road by which favourites may travel.

For centuries the selection of Chelas—outside the hereditary group within the *gon-pa* (temple)—has been made by the Himalayan Mahatmas themselves from among the class—in Tibet, a considerable one as to number—of natural mystics. The only exceptions have been in the cases of Western men like Fludd, Thomas Vaughan, Paracelsus, Pico di Mirandolo, Count St. Germain, etc., whose temperamental affinity to this celestial science more or less forced the distant Adepts to come into personal relations with them, and enabled them to get such small (or large) proportion of the whole truth as was possible under their social surroundings. From Book IV of Kui-te, Chapter on "the Laws of Upasans," we learn that the qualifications expected in a Chela were: —

1. Perfect physical health;
2. Absolute mental and physical purity;

---

*This article was first printed by H. P. Blavatsky in the *Supplement to The Theosophist* for July, 1883.

3. Unselfishness of purpose; universal charity; pity for all animate beings;

4. Truthfulness and unswerving faith in the law of Karma, independent of any power in nature that could interfere: a law whose course is not to be obstructed by any agency, not to be caused to deviate by prayer or propitiatory exoteric ceremonies;

5. A courage undaunted in every emergency, even by peril to life;

6. An intuitional perception of one's being the vehicle of the manifested Avalokitesvara or Divine Atman (Spirit);

7. Calm indifference for, but a just appreciation of everything that constitutes the objective and transitory world, in its relation with, and to, the invisible regions.

Such, at the least, must have been the recommendations of one aspiring to perfect Chelaship. With the sole exception of the 1st, which in rare and exceptional cases might have been modified, each one of these points has been invariably insisted upon, and all must have been more or less developed in the inner nature by the Chela's UNHELPED EXERTIONS, before he could be actually put to the test."

When the self-evolving ascetic—whether in, or outside the active world—had placed himself, according to his natural capacity, above, hence made himself master of, his (1) *Sarira*—body; (2) *Indriya*—senses; (3) *Dosha*—faults; (4) *Dukkha*—pain; and is ready to become one with his *Manas*—mind; *Buddhi*—intellection, or spiritual intelligence; and *Atma*—highest soul, *i. e.*, spirit. When he is ready for this, and, further, to recognize in *Atma* the highest ruler in the world of perceptions, and in the will, the highest executive energy (power), then may he, under the time-honoured rules, be taken in hand by one of the Initiates. He may then be shown the mysterious path at whose thither end the Chela is taught the unerring discernment of *Phala,* or the fruits of causes produced, and given the means of reaching *Apavarga*—emancipation, from the misery of repeated births (in whose determination the ignorant has no hand), and thus of avoiding *Pretya-bhava*—transmigration.

But since the advent of the Theosophical Society, one of whose arduous tasks it was to re-awaken in the Aryan mind the dormant memory of the existence of this science and of those transcendent human capabilities, the rules of Chela selection have become slightly relaxed in one respect. Many members of the Society becoming convinced by practical proof upon the above points, and rightly enough thinking that if other men had hitherto reached the goal, they too if inherently fitted, might reach it by following the same path, pressed to be taken as candidates. And as it would be an interference with Karma to deny them the chance of at least begin-

ning—since they were so importunate, they were given it. The results have been far from encouraging so far, and it is to show these unfortunates the cause of their failure as much as to warn others against rushing heedlessly upon a similar fate, that the writing of the present article has been ordered. The candidates in question, though plainly warned against it in advance, began wrong by selfishly looking to the future and losing sight of the past. They forgot that they had done nothing to deserve the rare honour of selection, nothing which warranted their expecting such a privilege; that they could boast of none of the above enumerated merits. As men of the selfish, sensual world, whether married or single, merchants, civilian or military employees, or members of the learned professions, they had been to a school most calculated to assimilate them to the animal nature, least so to develope their spiritual potentialities. Yet each and all had vanity enough to suppose that their case would be made an exception to the law of countless centuries' establishment as though, indeed, in their person had been born to the world a new *Avatar!* All expected to have hidden things taught, extraordinary powers given them because—well, because they had joined the Theosophical Society. Some had sincerely resolved to amend their lives, and give up their evil courses: we must do them that justice, at all events.

All were refused at first, Col. Olcott, the President, himself, to begin with: and as to the latter gentleman there is now no harm in saying that he was not formally accepted as a Chela until he had proved by more than a year's devoted labours and by a determination which brooked no denial, that he might safely be tested. Then from all sides came complaints—from Hindus, who ought to have known better, as well as from Europeans who, of course, were not in a condition to know anything at all about the rules. The cry was that unless at least a few Theosophists were given the chance to try, the Society could not endure. Every other noble and unselfish feature of our programme was ignored—a man's duty to his neighbour, to his country, his duty to help, enlighten, encourage and elevate those weaker and less favoured than he; all were trampled out of sight in the insane rush for adeptship. The call for phenomena, phenomena, phenomena, resounded in every quarter, and the Founders were impeded in their real work and teased importunately to intercede with the Mahatmas, against whom the real grievance lay, though their poor agents had to take all the buffets. At last, the word came from the higher authorities that a few of the most urgent candidates should be taken at their word. The result of the experiment would perhaps show better than any amount of preaching what Chelaship meant, and what are the consequences of selfishness and temerity. Each candidate was warned that he must wait for years in any event, before his fitness could

be proven, and that he must pass through a series of tests that would bring out all there was in him, whether bad or good. They were nearly all married men and hence were designated "Lay Chelas"—a term new in English, but having long had its equivalent in Asiatic tongues. A Lay Chela is but a man of the world who affirms his desire to become wise in spiritual things. Virtually, every member of the Theosophical Society who subscribes to the second of our three "Declared Objects" is such; for though not of the number of true Chelas, he has yet the possibility of becoming one, for he has stepped across the boundary-line which separated him from the Mahatmas, and has brought himself, as it were, under their notice. In joining the Society and binding himself to help along its work, he has pledged himself to act in some degree in concert with those Mahatmas, at whose behest the Society was organized, and under whose conditional protection it remains. The joining is then, the introduction; all the rest depends entirely upon the member himself, and he need never expect the most distant approach to the "favor" of one of our Mahatmas, or any other Mahatmas in the world—should the latter consent to become known—that has not been fully earned by personal merit. The *Mahatmas are the servants, not the arbiters of the Law of Karma.* LAY-CHELASHIP CONFERS NO PRIVILEGE UPON ANY ONE EXCEPT THAT OF WORKING FOR MERIT UNDER THE OBSERVATION OF A MASTER. And whether that Master be or be not seen by the Chela makes no difference whatever as to the result: his good thought, words and deeds will bear their fruits, his evil ones, theirs. To boast of Lay Chelaship or make a parade of it, is the surest way to reduce the relationship with the Guru to a mere empty name, for it would be *primâ facie* evidence of vanity and unfitness for farther progress. And for years we have been teaching everywhere the maxim "First deserve, then desire" intimacy with the Mahatmas.

Now there is a terrible law operative in nature, one which cannot be altered, and whose operation clears up the apparent mystery of the selection of certain "Chelas" who have turned out sorry specimens of morality, these few years past. Does the reader recall the old proverb, "Let sleeping dogs lie"? There is a world of occult meaning in it. No man or woman knows his or her moral strength until it is *tried.* Thousands go through life very respectably, because they were never put to the pinch. This is a truism doubtless, but it is most pertinent to the present case. One who undertakes to try for Chelaship by that very act rouses and lashes to desperation every sleeping passion of his animal nature. For this is the commencement of a struggle for the mastery in which quarter is neither to be given nor taken. It is, once for all, "To be, or Not to be;" to conquer, means ADEPTSHIP;

to fail, an ignoble Martyrdom; for to fall victim to lust, pride, avarice, vanity, selfishness, cowardice, or any other of the lower propensities, is indeed ignoble, if measured by the standard of true manhood. The Chela is not only called to face all the latent evil propensities of his nature, but, in addition, the whole volume of maleficent power accumulated by the community and nation to which he belongs. For he is an integral part of those aggregates, and what affects either the individual man, or the group (town or nation) reacts upon the other. And in this instance his struggle for goodness jars upon the whole body of badness in his environment, and draws its fury upon him. If he is content to go along with his neighbours and be almost as they are—perhaps a little better or somewhat worse than the average—no one may give him a thought. But let it be known that he has been able to detect the hollow mockery of social life, its hypocrisy, selfishness, sensuality, cupidity and other bad features, and has determined to lift himself up to a higher level, at once he is hated, and every bad, or bigoted, or malicious nature sends at him a current of opposing will power. If he is innately strong he shakes it off, as the powerful swimmer dashes through the current that would bear a weaker one away. But in this moral battle, if the Chela has one single hidden blemish—do what he may, it *shall* and *will* be brought to light. The varnish of conventionalities which "civilization" overlays us all with must come off to the last coat, and the Inner Self, naked and without the slightest veil to conceal its reality, is exposed. The habits of society which hold men to a certain degree under moral restraint, and compel them to pay tribute to virtue by seeming to be good whether they are so or not, these habits are apt to be all forgotten, these restraints to be all broken through under the strain of chelaship. He is now in an atmosphere of illusions—*Maya*. Vice puts on its most alluring face, and the tempting passions try to lure the inexperienced aspirant to the depths of psychic debasement. This is not a case like that depicted by a great artist, where Satan is seen playing a game of chess with a man upon the stake of his soul, while the latter's good angel stands beside him to counsel and assist. For the strife is in this instance between the Chela's Will and his carnal nature, and Karma forbids that any angel or Guru should interfere until the result is known. With the vividness of poetic fancy Bulwer Lytton has idealised it for us in his *Zanoni*, a work which will ever be prized by the occultist; while in his *Strange Story* he has with equal power shown the black side of occult research and its deadly perils. Chelaship was defined, the other day, by a Mahatma as a "psychic resolvent, which eats away all dross and leaves only the pure gold behind." If the candidate has the latent lust for money, or political chicanery, or materialistic scepticism,

or vain display, or false speaking, or cruelty, or sensual gratification of any kind, the germ is almost sure to sprout; and so, on the other hand, as regards the noble qualities of human nature. The real man comes out. Is it not the height of folly, then, for any one to leave the smooth path of common-place life to scale the crags of chelaship without some reasonable feeling of certainty that he has the right stuff in him? Well says the Bible: "Let him that standeth take heed lest he fall" — a text that would-be Chelas should consider well before they rush headlong into the fray! It would have been well for some of our Lay-Chelas if they had thought twice before defying the tests. *We call to mind several sad failures within a twelvemonth.* One went bad in the head, recanted noble sentiments uttered but a few weeks previously, and became a member of a religion he had just scornfully and unanswerably proven false. A second became a defaulter and absconded with his employer's money—the latter also a Theosophist. A third gave himself up to gross debauchery, and confessed it with ineffectual sobs and tears, to his chosen Guru. A fourth got entangled with a person of the other sex and fell out with his dearest and truest friends. A fifth showed signs of mental aberration and was brought into Court upon charges of discreditable conduct. A sixth shot himself to escape the consequences of criminality, on the verge of detection! And so we might go on and on. All these were apparently sincere searchers after truth, and passed in the world for respectable persons. Externally, they were fairly eligible as candidates for Chelaship, as appearances go; but "within all was rottenness and dead men's bones." The world's varnish was so thick as to hide the absence of the true gold underneath; and the "resolvent" doing its work, the candidate proved in each instance but a gilded figure of moral dross, from circumference to core. . . .

In what precedes we have, of course, dealt but with the failures among Lay-Chelas; there have been partial successes too, and these are passing gradually through the first stages of their probation. Some are making themselves useful to the Society and to the world in general by good example and precept. If they persist, well for them, well for us all: the odds are fearfully against them, but still "there is no Impossibility to him who WILLS." The difficulties in Chelaship will never be less until human nature changes and a new sort is evolved. St. Paul (Rom. vii, 18, 19) might have had a Chela in mind when he said "to will is present with me; but how to perform that which is good I find not. For the good I would I do not; but the evil which I would not, that I do." And in the wise Kirátárjuniya of Bharávi it is written:—

> "The enemies which rise within the body,
> Hard to be overcome—the evil passions—
> Should manfully be fought; *who conquers these*
> *Is equal to the conqueror of worlds.*" (*XI.* 32.)

A REMINISCENCE*

THE interesting series of historical papers now running in the *Theosophist* entitled "Old Diary Leaves" by Col. Olcott naturally recalls to the mind various small events of the early years of the Theosophical Society, but nearly all the first members have disappeared from sight, some wholly uninterested in our work, others gone over to the other side of death. But some remain who do not concur in all the details written by Col. Olcott.

The origin of our seal is one of the things yet to be cleared up, and which will be at the proper time. The cut here shown is from the original electro-plate made in 1874 or '75 or even earlier from a wood-cut produced at the same time. The wood-cut would have been used in this printing but that the impression might destroy it. Both, the plate and the wood-cut, have been many years quietly resting in a drawer. Very plainly this cut is substantially our seal. The omitted portion is the Egyptian cross in the centre. In place of that cross the letters "E. B." appear, and those letters mean "Elena Blavatsky," the initial E being aspirated. Above is the coronet of a Countess. Added within the circle are astrological and cabalistic signs referring to the owner who used it. That owner was H. P. Blavatsky. It has been used often by her for stamping letter paper, and a quantity of the same letter-paper she used is in the drawer with the wood-cut.

Who, then, is the person from whom came the idea of our seal? Is it H. P. B. or some one else? If not H. P. B., how is it that she was using this design for her paper so many years ago? Several persons have claimed to be the founders of the Society, or designers of its seal, or first movers in its early years. A Philadelphia Doctor some years ago had the hardihood to write to the New York Headquarters saying that he was the one who designed our seal. Since then he has passed away. The plain unvarnished truth, which hurts no one save the man who denies it, is that H. P. Blavatsky was the head, front, bottom, top, outskirts, past and future of the Theosophical Society. We were all but pawns on the chess-board. What is the use of permitting vanity to influence us toward denying the facts?

No game, no battle, no diplomacy can go forward without agents, subordinates, generals, privates, but there is always a moving head without whom there would be no success. Not only was H. P. B. predominant with us in 1875, but she is yet. The very organization was suggested by her in a letter which will be pub-

*This article was first printed by Wm. Q. Judge in *The Path* for February, 1893.

lished in facsimile if any one feels disposed to deny the foregoing assertion. She wrote that we ought to model our Society on the United States, which is a collection of sovereign bodies united in one aim.

In the "Diary Leaves" Col. Olcott says that it was proposed to make the Theosophical Society an extra-Masonic degree. The impossibility of this may be seen when we reflect that such a thing —out of the question in itself—would leave out H. P. B. But, you say, he refers to letters from William Q. Judge and Gen. Doubleday asking for the ritual. This is but one of the little errors that creep in after lapse of years. And examination of the correspondence shows that Brothers Judge and Doubleday wrote—often—that if there was to be a ritual for the initiation into the Theosophical Society, then it should be sent, or the whole initiation abandoned. And many members recollect how much was said *pro* and *con* about abolishing initiation and accompanying ritual altogether, until at last it so came about. Masonic degrees were not once talked of, unless Col. Olcott may have said he would have wished us to be affiliated with Masons. This item in the "Diary Leaves" is clearly *lapsus calami*. In the same number of the "Leaves" there is a reference to G. H. Felt and a long draft of a letter of his as to which Col. Olcott is not clear. This is easy to settle. The letter was drafted by William Q. Judge and copied out by Felt, and the person he speaks of in the letter as experimenting with is Brother Judge. These things I state advisedly and with permission. It was intended for use at a meeting of the T. S. in 1876, but instead of using that a paper was read by Bro. Judge embodying the facts and including many other records of different experiments.

Other flitting scenes will recur later. Some embrace the funeral of Baron de Palm and what led up to it, others the making of our early diplomas by hand, and so on. But however the facts may come out, it remains a fact that the T. S. stands or falls by H. P. Blavatsky. Give her up as an idea, withdraw from the path traced by her under orders, belittle her, and the organization will rot; but remember her and what she represented, and we triumph.

ONE OF THE STAFF.

A LAND OF MYSTERY*

By H. P. B.

[*Concluded from the December number.*]

TO refer all these cyclopean constructions then to the days of the Incas is, as we have shown before, more inconsistent yet, and seems even a greater fallacy than that too common one of attributing every rock-temple of India to Buddhist exca-

*This article was first printed by H. P. Blavatsky in *The Theosophist* for August, 1880.

vators. As many authorities show—Dr. Heath among the rest—Incal history only dates back to the eleventh century, A. D., and the period, from that time to the Conquest, is utterly insufficient to account for such grandiose and innumerable works; nor do the Spanish historians know much of them. Nor again, must we forget that the temples of heathendom were odious to the narrow bigotry of the Roman Catholic fanatics of those days; and that, whenever the chance offered, they either converted them into Christian churches or razed them to the ground. Another strong objection to the idea lies in the fact that the Incas were destitute of a written language, and that these antique relics of bygone ages are covered with hieroglyphics. "It is granted that the Temple of the Sun, at Cuzco, was of Incal make, but that is the latest of the five styles of architecture visible in the Andes, each probably representing an age of human progress."

The hieroglyphics of Peru and Central America have been, are, and will most probably remain for ever as dead a letter to our cryptographers as they were to the Incas. The latter like the barbarous ancient Chinese and Mexicans kept their records by means of a quipus (or *knot* in Peruvian)—a cord, several feet long, composed of different colored threads, from which a multicoloured fringe was suspended; each color denoting a sensible object, and knots serving as ciphers. "The mysterious science of the quipus," says Prescott, "supplied the Peruvians with the means of communicating their ideas to one another, and of transmitting them to future generations. . . . . ." Each locality, however, had its own method of interpreting these elaborate records, hence a quipus was only intelligible in the place where it was kept. "Many quipus have been taken from the graves, in excellent state of preservation in colour and texture," writes Dr. Heath; "but the lips, that alone could pronounce the verbal key, have for ever ceased their function, and the relic-seeker has failed to note the exact spot where each was found, so that the records, which could tell so much we want to know, will remain sealed till all is revealed at the last day." . . . if anything at all is revealed then. But what is certainly as good as a revelation *now*, while our brains are in function, and our mind is acutely alive to some pre-eminently suggestive facts, is the incessant discoveries of archæology, geology, ethnology and other sciences. It is the almost irrepressible conviction that man having existed upon earth millions of years—for all we know, —the theory of cycles is the only plausible theory to solve the great problems of humanity, the rise and fall of numberless nations and races, and the ethnological differences among the latter. This difference—which, though as marked as the one between a handsome and intellectual European and a digger Indian of Australia, yet makes the ignorant shudder and raise a great outcry at the thought of destroying the imaginary "great gulf between man and brute creation"—might thus be well accounted for. The digger Indian, then in company with many other savage, though to him

superior, nations, which evidently are dying out to afford room to men and races of a superior kind, would have to be regarded in the same light as so many dying-out specimens of animals—and no more. Who can tell but that the forefathers of this flat-headed savage—forefathers who may have lived and prospered amidst the highest civilization before the glacial period—were in the arts and sciences far beyond those of the present civilization—though it may be in quite another direction? That man has lived in America, at least 50,000 years ago, is now proved scientifically and remains a fact beyond doubt or cavil. In a lecture delivered at Manchester, in June last, by Mr. H. A. Allbutt, Honorary Fellow of the Royal Anthropological Society, the lecturer stated the following:—"Near New Orleans, in one part of the modern delta, in excavating for gas works, a series of beds, almost wholly made up of vegetable matter, were dug through. In the excavation, at a depth of 16 feet from the upper surface, and beneath four buried forests, one on the top of the other, the labourers discovered some charcoal and the skeleton of a man, the cranium of which was reported to be that of the type of the aboriginal Red Indian race. To this skeleton Dr. Dowler ascribed an antiquity of some 50,000 years." The irrepressible cycle in the course of time brought down the descendants of the contemporaries of the late inhabitant of this skeleton, and intellectually as well as physically they have degenerated, as the present elephant has degenerated from his proud and monstrous forefather, the antediluvian *Sivatherium* whose fossil remains are still found in the Himalayas; or, as the lizard has from the plesiosaurus. Why should man be the only specimen upon earth which has never changed in form since the first day of his appearance upon this planet? The fancied superiority of every generation of mankind over the preceding one is not yet so well established as to make it impossible for us to learn some day that, as in everything else, the theory is a two-sided question—incessant progress on the one side and an as irresistible decadence on the other of the cycle. "Even as regards knowledge and power, the advance, which some claim as a characteristic feature of humanity, is effected by exceptional individuals who arise in certain races under favourable circumstances only, and is quite compatible with long intervals of immobility, and *even of decline,*"* says a modern man of science. This point is corroborated by what we see in the modern degenerate descendants of the great and powerful races of ancient America—the Peruvians and the Mexicans. "How changed! How fallen from their greatness must have been the Incas, when a little band of one hundred and sixty men could penetrate, uninjured, to their mountain homes, murder their worshipped kings and thousands of their warriors, and carry away their riches, and that, too, in a country where a few men with stones could resist successfully an army! Who could recognize in the present Inichua and Aymara

**Journal of Science* for February, Article—"The Alleged Distinction between Man and Brute."

Indians their noble ancestry?". . . . . Thus writes Dr. Heath, and his conviction that America was once united with Europe, Asia, Africa and Australia, seems as firm as our own. There must exist geological and physical cycles as well as intellectual and spiritual; globes and planets, as well as races and nations, are born to grow, progress, decline and—die. Great nations split, scatter into small tribes, lose all remembrance of their integrity, gradually fall into their primitive state and—disappear, one after the other, from the face of the earth. So do great continents. Ceylon must have formed, once upon a time, part of the Indian continent. So, to all appearances, was Spain once joined to Africa, the narrow channel between Gibraltar and the latter continent having been once upon a time dry land. Gibraltar is full of large apes of the same kind as those which are found in great numbers on the opposite side on the African coast, whereas nowhere in Spain is either a monkey or ape to be found at any place whatever. And the caves of Gibraltar are also full of gigantic human bones, supporting the theory that they belong to an antediluvian race of men. The same Dr. Heath mentions the town of Eten in 70 S. latitude of America, in which the inhabitants of an unknown tribe of men speak a monosyllabic language that imported Chinese labourers understood from the first day of their arrival. They have their own laws, customs and dress, neither holding nor permitting communication with the outside world. No one can tell whence they came or when; whether it was before or after the Spanish Conquest. They are a living mystery to all, who chance to visit them. . . . . .

With such facts before us to puzzle exact science herself, and show our entire ignorance of the past verily, we recognise no right of any man on earth—whether in geography or ethnology, in exact or abstract sciences—to tell his neighbour—"so far shalt thou go, and no further!"

But, recognizing our debt of gratitude to Dr. Heath of Kansas, whose able and interesting paper has furnished us with such a number of facts and suggested such possibilities, we can do no better than quote his concluding reflections. "Thirteen thousand years ago," he writes, "*Vega* or *a Lyræ*, was the north polar star; since then how many changes has she seen in our planet! How many nations and races spring into life, rise to their zenith of splendour, and then decay; and when we shall have been gone thirteen thousand years, and once more she resumes her post at the north, completing a 'Platonic or Great Year,' think you that those who shall fill our places on the earth at that time will be more conversant with our history than we are of those that have passed? Verily might we exclaim, in terms almost psalmistic, 'Great God, Creator and Director of the Universe, what is man that Thou art mindful of him!'"

Amen! ought to be the response of such as yet believe in a God who is "the Creator and Director of the Universe."

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONERS*

From R. L. R.

1.—What is a Nirmanakaya?

Answer.—Such is one of the appellations given to an Adept who, in order to devote himself to mankind, has consciously given up his right to pass into Nirvana. He has no material body, but possesses all the other principles; and for such an one space is no obstacle. There are many of them, and they perform various works; some take full possession of great reformers, or statesmen who carry on a beneficial policy; others overshadow sometimes several persons, causing them to act, speak, and write in such a way as to produce needed changes in their fellow men. These Nirmanakayas pass through the haunts of men unseen and unknown; only the effects of their influence and presence are perceived, and these results are attributed to the genius of the individual or to chance alone.

2.—Has a Nirmanakaya any sex?

Answer.—No. The pronoun "He" has been used because it has a general application just as "man" or "men" has. In such a development as that of a Nirmanakaya the distinctions of sex have disappeared, because in the spiritual plane there is no sex.

MOULVIE.

From T. D.

If there be any defect in the Mind Cure system, what would you say it is?

Answer.—I should say that the constant assertion that there is no evil or badness is that prime defect. For if one so asserts, he should also admit that there is no good. These two opposites stand or fall together; and they cannot disappear until all has passed to that plane which is above all good and all evil. Yet those who say that there is no evil are on the plane of consciousness where they perceive these two opposites. It appears to me that here in the Western world the old Hindu doctrine that all is illusion because impermanent is half-used. The illusionary quality is attributed only to so-called "evil," whereas the good is equally illusionary, since it as well as evil is so judged to be from some human standard. As in a community in which death is a blessing disease will be called "good," since it hastens death's advent; or, in another where insanity is supposed to be due to the presence of some god, such a condition is not esteemed to be evil.

NILAKANT.

---

*A portion of the correspondence first printed under this title by Wm. Q. Judge in *The Path* for June, 1889.

THE ESOTERIC CHARACTER OF THE GOSPELS*

III.

NO one can be regarded as a Christian unless he professes, or is supposed to profess, belief in Jesus, by baptism, and in salvation, "through the blood of Christ." To be considered a good Christian, one has, as a *conditio sine quâ non,* to show faith in the dogmas expounded by the Church and to profess them; after which a man is at liberty to lead a private and public life on principles diametrically opposite to those expressed in the Sermon on the Mount. The chief point and that which is demanded of him is, that he should have—or *pretend to have*—a blind faith in, and veneration for, the ecclesiastical teachings of his special Church.

"Faith is the key of Christendom,"

saith Chaucer, and the penalty for lacking it is as clearly stated as words can make it, in St. Mark's Gospel, Chapter xvi., verse 16th: "He that believeth and is baptised shall be saved; but he that believeth not shall be damned."

It troubles the Church very little that the most careful search for these words in the oldest texts during the last centuries remained fruitless; or, that the recent revision of the Bible led to a unanimous conviction in the truth-seeking and truth-loving scholars employed in that task, that no such *un-Christ*-like sentence was to be found, except in some of the latest, fraudulent texts. The good Christian people had assimilated the consoling words, and they had become the very pith and marrow of their charitable souls. To take away the hope of eternal damnation, for all others except themselves, from these chosen vessels of the God of Israel, was like taking their very life. The truth-loving and God-fearing revisers got scared; they left the forged passage (an interpolation of eleven verses, from the 9th to the 20th), and satisfied their consciences with a foot-note remark of a very equivocal character, one that would grace the work and do honour to the diplomatic faculties of the craftiest Jesuits. It tells the "believer" that:—

"The two oldest Greek MSS. and some other authorities OMIT from verse 9 to the end. Some authorities *have a different ending* to the Gospel."†—

—and explains no further.

But the two "oldest Greek MSS." *omit* the verses *nolens volens,* as these *have never existed.* And the learned and truth-loving revisers know this better than any of us do; yet the wicked falsehood is printed at the very seat of Protestant Divinity, and it is allowed

*This article was first printed by H. P. Blavatsky in *Lucifer* for February, 1888.

†Vide "Gospel according to St. Mark," in the *revised* edition printed for the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge, 1881.

to go on, glaring into the faces of coming generations of students of theology and, hence, into those of their future parishioners. Neither can be, nor are they deceived by it, yet both *pretend* belief in the authenticity of the cruel words worthy of a *theological Satan.* And this Satan-Moloch is their own *God of infinite mercy and justice* in Heaven, and the incarnate symbol of love and charity on Earth—blended in one!

Truly mysterious are your paradoxical ways, oh—Churches of Christ!

I have no intention of repeating here stale arguments and logical *exposés* of the whole theological scheme; for all this has been done, over and over again, and in a most excellent way, by the ablest "Infidels" of England and America. But I may briefly repeat a prophecy which is a self-evident result of the present state of men's minds in Christendom. Belief in the Bible *literally*, and in a *carnalised* Christ, will not last a quarter of a century longer. The Churches will have to part with their cherished dogmas, or the 20th century will witness the downfall and ruin of all Christendom, and with it, belief even in a Christos, as pure Spirit. The very name has now become obnoxious, and theological Christianity must die out, *never to resurrect again* in its present form. This, in itself, would be the happiest solution of all, were there no danger from the natural reaction which is sure to follow: crass materialism will be the consequence and the result of centuries of blind faith, unless the loss of old ideals is replaced by other ideals, unassailable, because *universal,* and built on the rock of eternal truths instead of the shifting sands of human fancy. Pure immateriality must replace, in the end, the terrible anthropomorphism of those ideals in the conceptions of our modern dogmatists. Otherwise, why should Christian dogmas—the perfect counterpart of those belonging to other exoteric and pagan religions—claim any superiority? The bodies of all these were built upon the same astronomical and physiological (or phallic) symbols. Astrologically, every religious dogma the world over, may be traced to, and located in, the Zodiacal signs and the Sun. And so long as the science of comparative symbology or any theology has only two keys to open the mysteries of religious dogmas—and these two only very partially mastered, how can a line of demarcation be drawn, or any difference made between the religions of say, Chrishna and Christ, between salvation through the blood of the "First-born primeval male" of one faith, and that of the "only *begotten* Son" of the other, far younger, religion?

Study the Vedas; read even the superficial, often disfigured writings of our great Orientalists, and think over what you will have learnt. Behold Brahmans, Egyptian Hierophants, and Chaldean Magi, teaching several thousand years before our era that the gods themselves had been only mortals (in previous births) until they won their immortality by *offering their blood to their Supreme God* or chief. The "Book of the Dead," teaches that mor-

tal man "became one with the gods through an interflow of a common life in the common blood of the two." Mortals gave the blood of their first-born sons in sacrifice to the Gods. In his *Hinduism,* p. 35, Professor Monier Williams, translating from the *Taitiriya Brâhmana,* writes:—"By means of the sacrifice the gods obtained heaven." And in the *Tandya Brâhmana:*—"The lord of creatures offered himself a sacrifice for the gods." . . . And again in the *Satapatha Brâhmana:*—"He who, knowing this, sacrifices with the *Purusha-madha* or the sacrifice of the primeval male, becomes everything."

Whenever I hear the Vedic rites discussed and called "disgusting human sacrifices," and cannibalism *(sic.),* I feel always inclined to ask, where's the difference? Yet there is one, in fact; for while Christians are compelled to accept the allegorical (though, when understood, highly philosophical) drama of the New Testament Crucifixion, as that of Abraham and Isaac literally,* Brahmanism —its philosophical schools at any rate—teaches its adherents, that this *(pagan)* sacrifice of the "primeval male" is a purely allegorical and philosophical symbol. Read in their dead-letter meaning, the four gospels are simply slightly altered versions of what the Church proclaims as Satanic plagiarisms (by anticipation) of Christian dogmas in Pagan religions. Materialism has a perfect right to find in all of them the same sensual worship and "solar" myths as anywhere else. Analysed and criticised superficially and on its dead-letter face, Professor Joly ("Man before Metals," pp. 189-190) finding in the *Swastika,* the *crux ansata,* and the cross pure and simple, mere sexual symbols—is justified in speaking as he does. Seeing that "the father of the sacred fire (in India) bore the name of *Twashtri,* that is the divine carpenter who made the *Swastika* and the *Pramantha,* whose friction produced the divine child *Agni,* in Latin *Ignis;* that his mother was named *Maya;* he himself, styled *Akta (anointed,* or *Christos)* after the priests had poured upon his head the spirituous *soma* and on his body butter purified by sacrifice"; seeing all this he has a full right to remark that:—

> "The close resemblance which exists between certain ceremonies of the worship of *Agni* and certain rites of the Catholic religion may be explained by their common origin. *Agni* in the condition of *Akta,* or anointed, is suggestive of Christ; *Maya,* Mary, his mother; *Twashtri,* St. Joseph, the carpenter of the Bible."

Has the professor of the Science Faculty of Toulouse explained anything by drawing attention to that which anyone can see? Of course not. But if, in his ignorance of the esoteric meaning of the allegory he has added nothing to human knowledge, he has on the other hand destroyed faith in many of his pupils in both the *"divine* origin" of Christianity and its Church and helped to increase the number of Materialists. For surely, no man, once

---

**Vide* "The Soldier's Daughter," in this number, by the Rev. T. G. Headley, and notice the desperate protest of this *true* Christian, against the *literal* acceptance of the "blood sacrifices," "Atonement by blood," etc., in the Church of England. The reaction begins: another *sign of the times.*

he devotes himself to such comparative studies, can regard the religion of the West in any light but that of a pale and enfeebled copy of older and nobler philosophies.

The origin of all religions—Judaeo-Christianity included—is to be found in a few primeval truths, not one of which can be explained apart from all the others, as each is a complement of the rest in some one detail. And they are all, more or less, broken rays of the same Sun of truth, and their beginnings have to be sought in the archaic records of the Wisdom-religion. Without the light of the latter, the greatest scholars can see but the skeletons thereof covered with masks of fancy, and based mostly on personified Zodiacal signs.

A thick film of allegory and *blinds,* the "dark sayings" of fiction and parable, thus covers the original esoteric texts from which the New Testament—*as now known*—was compiled. Whence, then, the Gospels, the life of Jesus of Nazareth? Has it not been repeatedly stated that no human, *mortal* brain could have invented the life of the Jewish Reformer, followed by the awful drama on Calvary? We say, on the authority of the esoteric Eastern School, that all this came from the Gnostics, as far as the name Christos and the astronomico-mystical allegories are concerned, and from the writings of the ancient *Tanaïm* as regards the Kabalistic connection of Jesus or Joshua, with the Biblical personifications. One of these is the mystic esoteric name of Jehovah—not the present fanciful God of the profane Jews ignorant of their own mysteries, the God accepted by the still more ignorant Christians—but the compound Jehovah of the pagan Initiation. This is proven very plainly by the glyphs or mystic combinations of various signs which have survived to this day in the Roman Catholic hieroglyphics.

The Gnostic Records contained the epitome of the chief scenes enacted during the mysteries of Initiation, since the memory of man; though even that was given out invariably under the garb of semi-allegory, whenever entrusted to parchment or paper. But the ancient Tanaïm, the Initiates from whom the wisdom of the Kabala *(oral tradition)* was obtained by the later Talmudists, had in their possession the secrets of the mystery language, and it is *in this language that the Gospels* were written.* He alone who has mastered the esoteric cypher of antiquity—the secret meaning of the numerals, a common property at one time of all nations—has the full proof of the genius which was displayed in the blending of the purely Egypto-Jewish, Old Testament allegories and names, and those of the pagan-Greek Gnostics, the most refined of all the mystics of that day. Bishop Newton proves it himself quite innocently, by showing that "St. Barnabas, the companion of St. Paul, in his epistle (ch. ix.) discovers . . . the name of Jesus crucified in the number 318," namely, Barnabas finds it in the mystic Greek

*Thus while the three Synoptics display a combination of the pagan Greek and Jewish symbologies the *Revelation* is written in the mystery language of the Tanaim—the relic of Egyptian and Chaldean wisdom—and St. John's Gospel is purely Gnostic.

I H T—the *tau* being the glyph of the cross. On this, a Kabalist, the author of an unpublished MS. on the Key of Formation of the Mystery Language, observes:—"But this is but a play upon the Hebrew letters *Jodh, Chith,* and *Shin,* from whence the I H S as the monogram of Christ coming down to our day, and this reads as יתש or 381, and sum of the letters being 318 or the number of Abraham and his Satan, and of Joshua and his Amalek . . . also the number of Jacob and his antagonist . . . (Godfrey Higgins gives the authority for the number 608) . . . It is the number of Melchizedek's name, for the value of the last is 304 and Melchizedek was the priest of the most high God, without beginning nor ending of days." The solution and secret of Melchizedek are found in the fact that "in the ancient Pantheons the two planets which had existed from eternity (*œonic* eternity) and were eternal, were the Sun and the Moon, or Osiris and Isis, hence the terms of *without beginning nor ending of days.* 304 multiplied by two is 608. So also the numbers in the word Seth, who was a type of the year. There are a number of authorities for the number 888 as applying to the name of Jesus Christ, and as said this is in antagonism to the 666 of the Anti-Christ. . . . The staple value in the name of Joshua was the number 365, the indication of the Solar year, while Jehovah delighted in being the indication of the Lunar year—and Jesus Christ was both Joshua and Jehovah in the Christian Pantheon. . . ."

This is but an illustration to our point to prove that the Christian application of the compound name Jesus-Christ is all based on Gnostic and Eastern mysticism. It was only right and natural that Chroniclers like the initiated Gnostics, pledged to secresy, should veil or *cloak* the final meaning of their oldest and most sacred teachings. The right of the Church fathers to cover the whole with an epitheme of euhemerized fancy is rather more dubious.* The Gnostic Scribe and Chronicler deceived no one. Every Initiate into the Archaic gnosis—whether of the pre-Christian or post-Christian period—knew well the value of every word of the "mystery-language." For these Gnostics—the inspirers of primitive Christianity—were "the most cultured, the most learned and most wealthy of the Christian name," as Gibbon has it. Neither they, nor their humbler followers, were in danger of accepting the dead letter of their own texts. But it was different with the victims of the fabricators of what is now called *orthodox* and *historic* Christianity. Their successors have all been made to fall into the mistakes of the "foolish Galatians" reproved by Paul, who, as he tells them (Galat. iii. 1-5), having begun (by believing) in the Spirit (of Christos), "ended by believing in *the flesh,*"—*i. e.,* a *corporeal*

*"The claim of Christianity to possess Divine authority rests on the ignorant belief that the mystical Christ could and did become a Person, whereas the gnosis proves the corporeal Christ to be only a counterfeit Presentment of the trans-corporeal man; consequently, historical portraiture is, and ever must be, a fatal mode of falsifying and discrediting the Spiritual Reality." (G. Massey, "Gnostic and Historic Christianity.")

Christ. For such is the true meaning of the Greek sentence,† "ἐναρξάμενοι Πνεύματι νῦν σαρκὶ ἐπιτελεῖόθε" That Paul was a gnostic, a founder of a new sect of *gnosis* which recognized, as all other gnostic sects did, a "Christ-Spirit," though it went against its opponents, the rival sects, is sufficiently clear to all but dogmatists and theologians. Nor is it less clear that the primitive teachings of Jesus, whenever he may have lived, could be discovered only in Gnostic teachings; against which discovery, the falsifiers who dragged down Spirit into matter, thus degrading the noble philosophy of primeval Wisdom-Religion, have taken ample precautions from the first. The works of Basilides alone—"The philosopher devoted to the contemplation of Divine things," as Clement describes him—the 24 volumes of his *interpretations upon the Gospels*—were all burned by order of the Church, Eusebius tells us (H. E., iv. 7).

As these *Interpretations* were written at a time when the Gospels we have now, were not yet in existence,* here is a good proof that the Evangel, the doctrines of which were delivered to Basilides by the Apostle Matthew, and Glaucus, the disciple of Peter *(Clemens Al. "Strom."* vii. 7, §106), must have differed widely from the present New Testament. Nor can these doctrines be judged by the distorted accounts of them left to posterity by Tertullian. Yet even the little this partisan fanatic gives, shows the chief gnostic doctrines to be identical, under their own peculiar terminology and personations, with those of the *Secret Doctrine* of the East. For, discussing Basilides, the "pious, god-like, theosophic philosopher," as Clement of Alexandria thought him, Tertullian exclaims:

"After this, Basilides, the *heretic,* broke loose.[1] He asserted that there is a Supreme God, by name Abraxas, by whom Mind *(Mahat)* was created, which the Greeks call *Nous.* From this emanated the Word; from the Word, Providence; from Providence, Virtue and Wisdom; from these two again, Virtues, *Principalities,*[2] *and Powers* were made; thence infinite productions and emissions of angels. Among the lowest angels, indeed, and those that made this world, he sets *last of all* the god of the Jews, whom he denies to be God himself, affirming that he is but one of the angels."[3] (Isis Unv. vol. ii.)

---

†This sentence analyzed means "Shall you, who in the beginning looked to the *Christ-Spirit,* now *end* by believing in a Christ of flesh," or it means nothing. The verb ἐπιτελοῦμαι has not the meaning of "becoming perfect," but of "ending by," becoming so. Paul's lifelong struggle with Peter and others, and what he himself tells of his vision of a Spiritual Christ and not of Jesus of Nazareth, as in the *Acts*—are so many proofs of this.

*See "Supern. Relig.," vol. ii., chap. "Basilides."

[1] It was asked in "Isis Unveiled," were not the views of the Phrygian Bishop Montanus, also deemed a HERESY by the Church of Rome? It is quite extraordinary to see how easily that Church encourages the abuse of one *heretic,* Tertullian, against another *heretic,* Basilides, when the abuse happens to further her own object.

[2] Does not Paul himself speak of *"Principalities* and *Powers* in heavenly places" (Ephesians iii. 10; i. 21), and confess that there be *gods* many and *Lords* many (Kurioi)? And angels, powers (Dunameis), and *Principalities?* (See I Corinthians, viii. 5; and Epistle to Romans, viii. 38.)

[3] Tertullian: "Præscript." It is undeniably owing only to a remarkably casuistical, sleight-of-hand-like argument that Jehovah, who in the *Kabala* is simply a Sephiroth, the third, left-hand power among the Emanations (Binah), has been elevated to the dignity of the *One* absolute God. Even in the Bible he is but one of the *Elohim* (See Genesis, chapter iii. v. 22, "The Lord God" making no difference between himself and others.)

Another proof of the claim that the Gospel of Matthew in the usual Greek texts is not the original gospel written in Hebrew, is given by no less an authority than S. Jerome (or Hieronymus). The suspicion of a conscious and gradual *euhemerization* of the Christ principle ever since the beginning, grows into a conviction, once that one becomes acquainted with a certain confession contained in book ii. of the "Comment. to Matthew" by Hieronymus. For we find in it the proofs of a deliberate substitution of the whole gospel, the one now in the Canon having been evidently re-written by this too zealous Church Father.[4] He says that he was sent toward the close of the fourth century by "their Felicities," the Bishops Chromatius and Heliodorus to Cæsarea, with the mission to compare the Greek text (the only one they ever had) with the Hebrew original version preserved by the Nazarenes in their library, and to translate it. He translated it, but under protest; for, as he says, the *Evangel* "exhibited matter *not for edification, but for destruction.*[5] The "destruction" of what? Of the dogma that Jesus of Nazareth and the *Christos* are one—evidently; hence for the "destruction" of the newly planned religion.* In this same letter the Saint (who advised his converts to kill their fathers, trample on the bosom that fed them, by walking over the bodies of their mothers, if the parents stood as an obstacle between their sons and Christ)—admits that Matthew did not wish his gospel to be *openly written,* hence that the MS. *was a secret* one. But while admitting also that this gospel "was written in Hebrew characters and *by the hand of himself" (Matthew),* yet in another place he contradicts himself and assures posterity that *as it was tampered with, and re-written by a disciple of Manicheus, named Seleucus* . . . "the ears of the Church properly refused to listen to it." *(Hieron.,* "Comment. to Matthew," book ii. chapter xii., 13.)

No wonder that the very meaning of the terms *Chrestos* and *Christos,* and the bearing of both on "Jesus of Nazareth," a name coined out of Joshua the *Nazar,* has now become a dead letter for all with the exception of non-Christian Occultists. For even the Kabalists have no original data now to rely upon. The *Zohar* and the Kabala have been remodelled by Christian hands out of recognition; and were it not for a copy of the Chaldean *Book of Numbers* there would remain no better than garbled accounts. Let not our Brothers, the so-called Christian Kabalists of England and France, many of whom are Theosophists, protest too vehemently; for *this is history* (See Munk). It is as foolish to maintain, as

---

[4] This is *history.* How far that *re-writing* of, and tampering with, the primitive gnostic fragments which are now become the New Testament, went, may be inferred by reading "Supernatural Religion," which went through over twenty-three editions, if I mistake not. The host of authorities for it given by the author, is simply appalling. The list of the English and German Bible critics alone seems endless.

[5] The chief details are given in "Isis Unveiled," vol. ii., pp. 180-183, *et seq.* Truly faith in the infallibility of the Church must be *stone-blind*—or it could not have failed being killed and—dying.

*See Hieronymus: "De Viros," illust. cap. 3; Olshausen: "Neuen Text.," p. 32. The Greek text of Matthew's Gospel is the only one used or ever possessed by the Church.

some German Orientalists and modern critics still do, that the Kabala has never existed before the day of the Spanish Jew, Moses de Leon, accused of having forged this pseudograph in the 13th century, as to claim that any of the Kabalistical works now in our possession are as original as they were when Rabbi Simeon Ben Jochai delivered the "traditions" to his sons and followers. Not a single of these books is immaculate, none has escaped mutilation by Christian hands. Munk, one of the most learned and able critics of his day on this subject, proves it, while protesting as we do, against the assumption that it is a post-Christian forgery, for he says:

"It appears evident to us that the author made use of ancient documents, and among these of certain *Midraschim* or collections of traditions and Biblical expositions, which we do not now possess."

After which, quoting from Tholuck (1. c. pp. 24 and 31), he adds:

"Haya Gaon, who died in 1038, is to our knowledge the first author who developed the theory of the Sephiroth and he gave to them the names which we find again to be among the Kabalists (Tellenik, Moses ben Schem Tob di Leon, p. 13, note 5); this doctor, *who had intimate intercourse with the Syrian and Chaldean Christian savans,* was enabled by these last to acquire a knowledge of some of the Gnostic writings."

Which "Gnostic writings" and esoteric tenets passed part and parcel into the Kabalistic works, with many more modern interpolations that we now find in the *Zohar,* as Munk well proves. The Kabala is Christian now, not Jewish.

Thus, what with several generations of most active Church Fathers ever working at the destruction of old documents and the preparation of new passages to be interpolated in those which happened to survive, there remains of the *Gnostics*—the legitimate offspring of the Archaic Wisdom-religion—but a few unrecognisable shreds. But a particle of genuine gold will glitter for ever; and, however garbled the accounts left by Tertullian and Epiphanius of the Doctrines of the "Heretics," an occultist can yet find even in them traces of those primeval truths which were once universally imparted during the mysteries of Initiation. Among other works with most suggestive allegories in them, we have still the so-called *Apocryphal Gospels,* and the last discovered as the most precious relic of Gnostic literature, a fragment called *Pistis-Sophia,* "Knowledge-Wisdom."

In my next article upon the Esoteric character of the Gospels, I hope to be able to demonstrate that those who translate *Pistis* by "Faith," are utterly wrong. The word "faith" as *grace* or something to be believed in through unreasoned or blind faith, is a word that dates only since Christianity. Nor has Paul ever used this term in this sense in his Epistles; and Paul was undeniably—an INITIATE.

H. P. B.

ON THE LOOKOUT

Dr. Alexander Graham Bell, writing a syndicated newspaper article on etheric vibrations, advances a theory of telepathy, and incidentally commits himself to a prediction. He tells us, somewhat unnecessarily at this stage of human knowledge, that sound, light and heat are vibrations of the ether, and that there is no difference between them except in the rapidity of the etheric undulations. Suppose, he says, you have the power to make an iron rod vibrate with any desired frequency in a dark room. At first, when vibrating slowly, its movement will be indicated by only one sense, that of touch. As soon as the vibrations increase a low sound will emanate from it and it will then appeal to two senses. At about 32,000 vibrations to the second the sound will be loud and shrill, but at 40,000 vibrations it will be silent, and its movements will not be perceived by touch or any other human sense. But when the rod vibrates at about 1,500,000 per second its movement is indicated first by a sense of heat, and when the rod becomes red hot, by the sense of sight. At 3,000,000 vibrations it produces a violet light. Then it passes into the ultra violet rays which are invisible, and so the vibrations pass from the domain of human sensibility.

But, asks Dr. Bell, what are we to think about the dark gaps that lie between sound and light? There seems to be a part of nature here from which we are excluded. Our senses do not respond to all etheric vibrations, but only to some of them. Just as the sending apparatus of a wireless station must be attuned to the receiving station so our senses are attuned to certain departments of nature and not to others. They respond to certain limited rates of vibration, but as soon as the vibrations reach a certain point they make no appeal to the senses, and we are left, so to speak, on the outside of a closed door. What is there on the other side of that door?

Dr. Bell thinks that telepathic vibrations are to be found in this *terra incognita,* but he admits that the gaps are so great that there must be much more. But he is not sure that the telepathic vibrations lie between sound and light. We may have to search for them in some of the other gaps, for example in the gap that lies beyond the ultra violet. He seems to think that we may never know this until we can "make machines practically to supply new senses, as the wireless instruments do."

It seems a pity that Dr. Bell could not see the open road in front of him. Perhaps he did see it, but thought it well to be cautious lest he give offense to materialism. For surely our present senses are the product of consciousness and correspond exactly with consciousness. If our senses admit us to some of the realms of nature and debar us from others it is because our consciousness has not been of a kind to develop the senses that shall give us access to these closed rooms. And it is obvious that if we would gain access it must be by a change in the state of consciousness, which in its turn shall develop its corresponding senses. It is an axiom of evolutionary science that first comes need, or desire, or consciousness, and that function follows. The artist who sees shades of color invisible to the rest of us has developed a visual apparatus to correspond with his artistic desires or needs, in precisely the same way that an animal will change his coat when taken into unaccustomed climates. The consciousness that changes its state from the material or intellectual to the spiritual must unfailingly produce a change or development in its sensory apparatus, and this new mechanism will open to it those departments of nature, or those scales of etheric vibrations, from which it is now debarred. If Dr. Bell had but taken a logical step forward he would have seen the whole landscape of occultism before him, but it is a peculiarity of modern science that having eyes it sees not, and ears it hears not.

Something of a *rara avis* is "India and Its Faiths," by James Bissett Pratt, just published by Houghton Mifflin Company. Mr. Pratt is a warm

defender of Christianity and of the missionaries, but he none the less writes a volume of nearly five hundred pages on the religions of India with the heartiest and most intelligent desire to tell the exact truth. Moreover—and this is still more rare—he tries to represent every aspect of Indian belief in its highest rather than its lowest form, and with the obvious wish to admire rather than to condemn.

It is natural that there should be very many references to Theosophy, and sometimes we are inclined to wish that the author might have met it in a purer form than that in which it is now so often offered to the peoples of India. None the less Mr. Pratt finds much in it to admire, and he says so frankly, and,—wherever it is possible—uncritically. The heart of Indian Theosophy, he says, is a kind of occult and mystic Hinduism, and he then continues:—

> It is for this reason that the T. S. has had so large an influence in India. This influence has been in many respects admirable. There is a goodly number of Theosophist missionaries in India who have gone at their work in humble and earnest fashion; deeply religious souls who see that there is in Hinduism much that may be made ennobling, and who are endeavoring by publications, schools, and personal influence to reveal to Hindu girls and boys, men and women, a loftier outlook and a purer life than they have ever caught sight of before. These Theosophist missionaries have not necessarily ceased to be Christians, but they feel that there is more hope of success in teaching the Indian the inner meaning and the spiritual side of the religion into which he was born, than in indoctrinating him into a new religion which is foreign to his land. I know some of these earnest souls—women and men who are devoting their lives to the humble task of teaching little brown girls and boys and trying to make them into men and women of larger vision than their parents were. And there can be no doubt that many a Hindu of today is a more intelligent man and a better man because of the work of the Theosophical Society. In every part of India you meet with men who will tell you that their first insight into a more spiritual interpretation of the rites and beliefs of their native religion came to them through some Theosophist or through reading some of the periodicals put out by the T. S. For the Society publishes several periodicals of an educative nature, some for children, some for adults.

Elsewhere the author gives a brief survey of the history of the Theosophical Society and although he allows himself to fall into occasional inaccuracy we must concede the justice of the ridicule that he pours on some of the surprising superstitions which are now lamentably presented to the world under the name of Theosophy. It is hard to resent such criticism, although we may wish very heartily that the author had examined the stream of Theosophic thought at its source rather than at points where the contamination of human speculation and fancy has made itself so painfully evident. Thus in the course of his historical sketch he says:—

> Quite recently nearly all the German Theosophists, under the leadership of Dr. Rudolf Steiner, have broken away and founded an independent organization, the Anthroposophical Society. Even in the Indian Section the feeling of discontent and criticism is present, and it has been brought to a climax by Mrs. Besant's recent attempt to present Hinduism with a new Messiah in the form of a rather commonplace native boy, whose father had entrusted him to her charge. . . . Her surprising revelation that this young gentleman was the latest representative of the Deity carried occultism too far even for the patient Indian.

Nor are we disposed to quarrel with the author for his complaint that the many distorted versions of Theosophy have "brought the spirit into con-

tempt and derision by spreading abroad the view that spirituality means a belief in psychic planes, vibrations, magnetism and mantras." Surely not thus, he says, shall we triumph over materialism. Surely not such is the message that shall set the spirit free.

A book note in an English newspaper reminds us of the visit to England in 1913 of Meherban Narayanras Babasaheb chief of the Ichalkaranji, Bombay Presidency. Subsequently he wrote a book entitled "Impressions of British Life and Character," in which he gives the following counsel to those whom he calls "the Young nations of Europe." He says:—"The young nations of Europe have to learn the truth that real happiness consists rather in reducing necessaries to a minimum than in increasing them and endeavoring to gratify every desire. When a craving for one thing is satisfied, a desire springs up for something else, and when that is gained there is a hunger for something still different. . . . After Europe has enjoyed prosperity sufficiently long, the time is bound to come in the natural course when it will realize the truth of the teaching of the Upanishads on this subject."

These are rather significant words in view of recent events. Neither war nor any other human evil could raise its head but for the craving for possessions, the mad determination to profit at the expense of another. And when the war is over we are likely to see the fruition of some of the searchings of heart that are now going on all over the world as to the causes of calamity that lie so far deeper than the dispatches of statesmen or the speeches of kings.

A dramatic critic in the New York *Evening Post* finds fault with Gordon Craig's "Art of the Theatre" because the author has misinterpreted oriental philosophy. Mr. Craig says that the actor should not try to express human emotions, but rather the austere calm and aloofness that one finds in the face of the Sphinx of Egypt and in the eternal statues of the Buddha in India.

But this, says the writer, is a mistake. Mr. Craig shares, in common with the rest of the western world, this erroneous impression of Eastern religious thought. Except in exoteric Buddhism, the Oriental's conception of Brahm is not a negative one. Brahm is the symbol of perfect and absolute power and calm, yet out of this very calm he is continually evolving and weaving with restless energy human beings and all the various forms of life. In other words Brahm consists of two elements, that which has attained Nirvana and that which is striving after the Nirvana attained. But even Nirvana itself in the last analysis is not a state of negative inertia. Rather it is one of such force that they who dwell therein have nothing to strive for, since they have everything in themselves, being at one with the dynamic force of the universe.

If Mr. Craig, says the writer, had taken this view of oriental occultism; if he had founded his theories on esoteric Buddhism, instead of on the weak exoteric ideas of annihilation, the result would have been very different. He would then have seen that life, movement and action are as divine as death and as full of inspiration.

One hardly expects to find a defence of esoteric Buddhism in the dramatic columns of the modern newspaper and that it does so appear is not without significance.